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Volume CCLVII. No. 3340 LONDON, June 6, 1964

THE SPHERE

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THE PILOT OF MODERN INDIA

In the photograph above Dr Mehta, the High Commissioner for India in Britain, stands below a portrait of Jawaharlal Nehru as he addresses a special mourning meeting in India House, London, summoned after the news of the death of India's Prime Minister. The photograph on the left recalls the first phase of Nehru's Prime Ministership. It was taken in 1947 and he is shaking hands with Mr C. R. Rajagopalachari, who had just been sworn in as Acting Governor-General. When Nehru died, aged 74, from a heart attack last week on May 27, he had held office continuously for 17 years. Becoming Prime Minister on his country's independence, he piloted the ship of state through fair and foul weather with a firm hand. His death is undoubtedly the end of an era in India. In foreign policy he endeavoured always to keep India on a non-aligned course and his counsel will be greatly missed in international affairs (See also following pages)

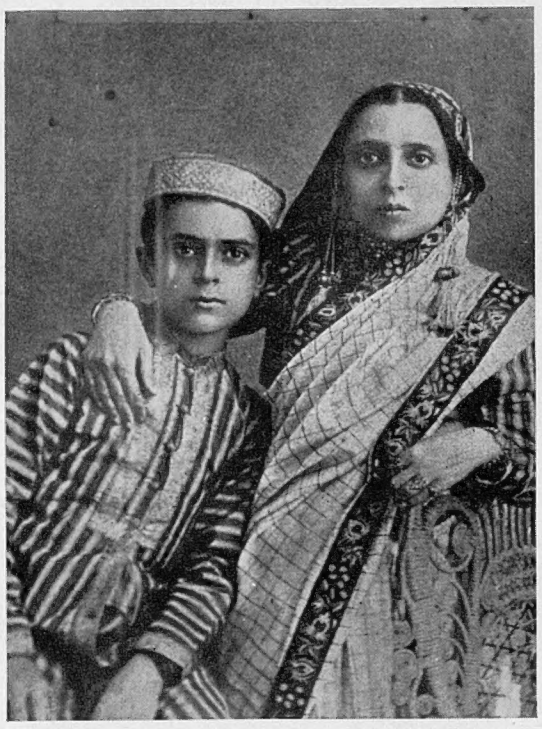
NEHRU'S FUNERAL

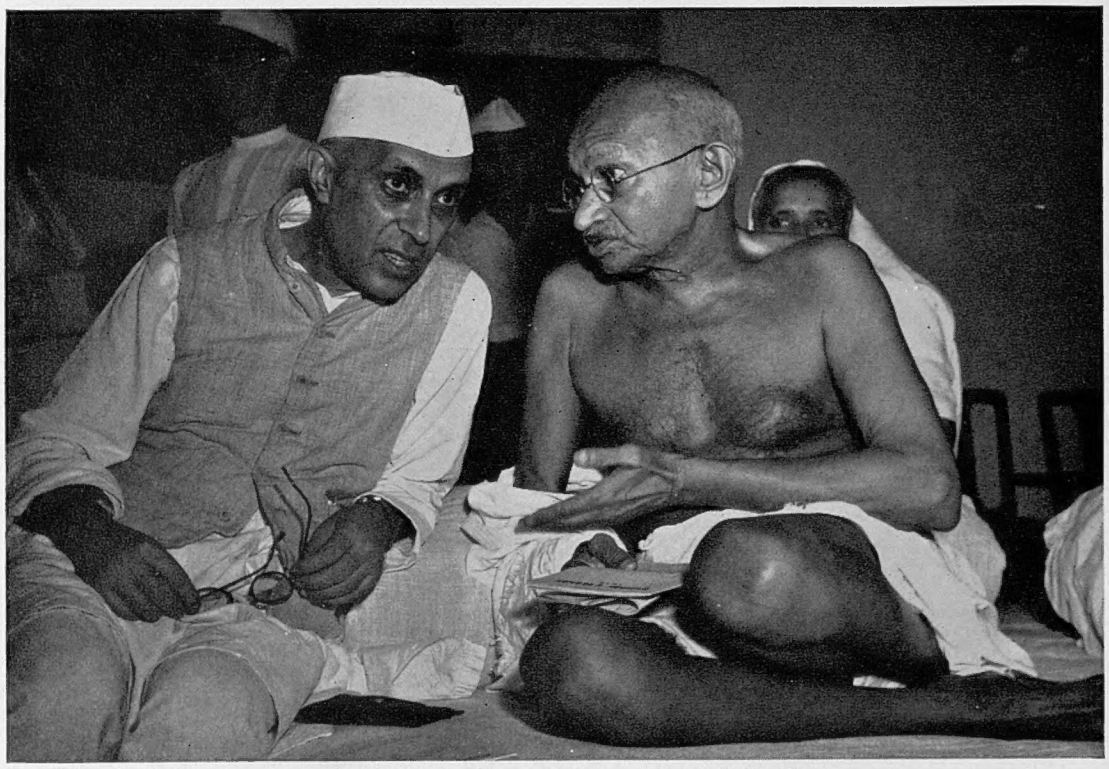
Above: After the funeral of Nehru in Delhi, mourners pray and throw rose petals on the bricks containing the ashes of the Indian leader. It was expected to be many days before the ashes were immersed in the sacred rivers of India

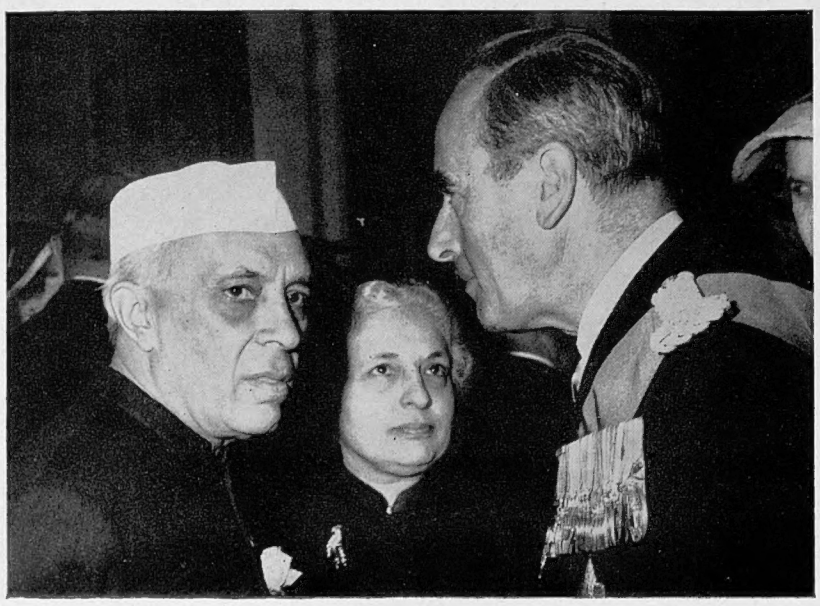
Top: Before the cremation the body is carried through crowds which could probably have been counted in millions

Right: The funeral pyre of Jawaharlal Nehru is lit by the banks of the Jumna

PHASES OF NEHRU'S CAREER





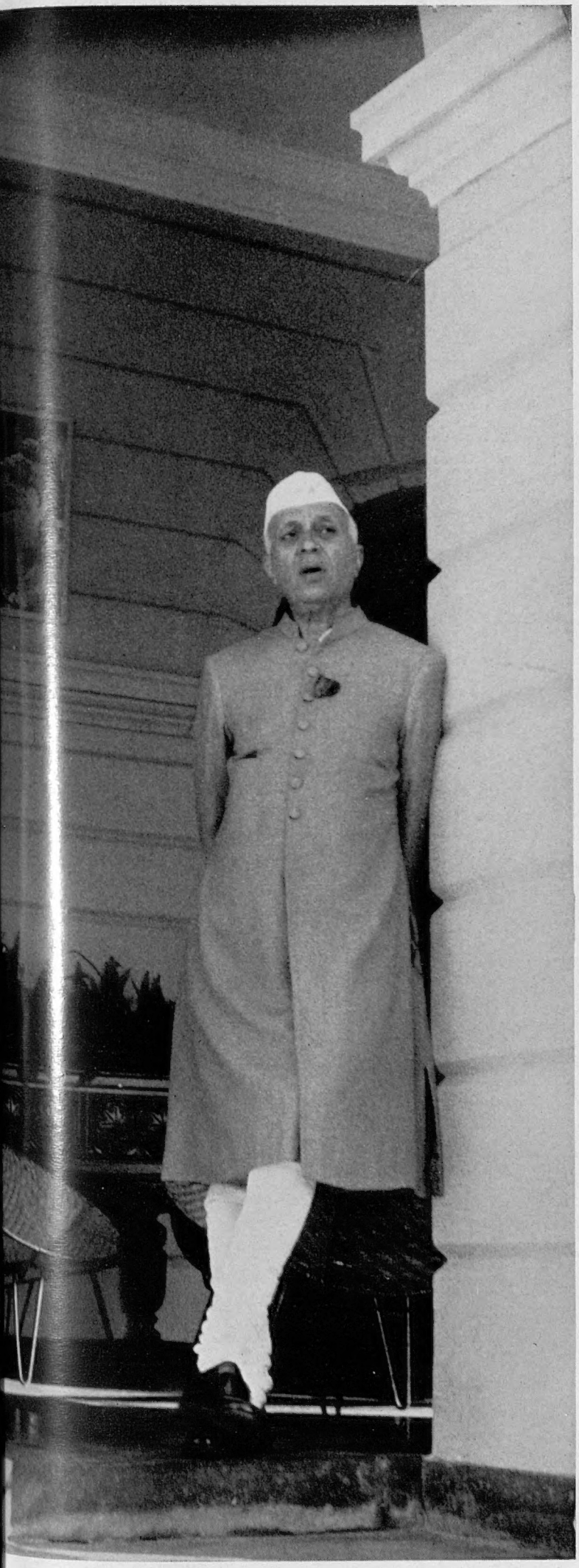


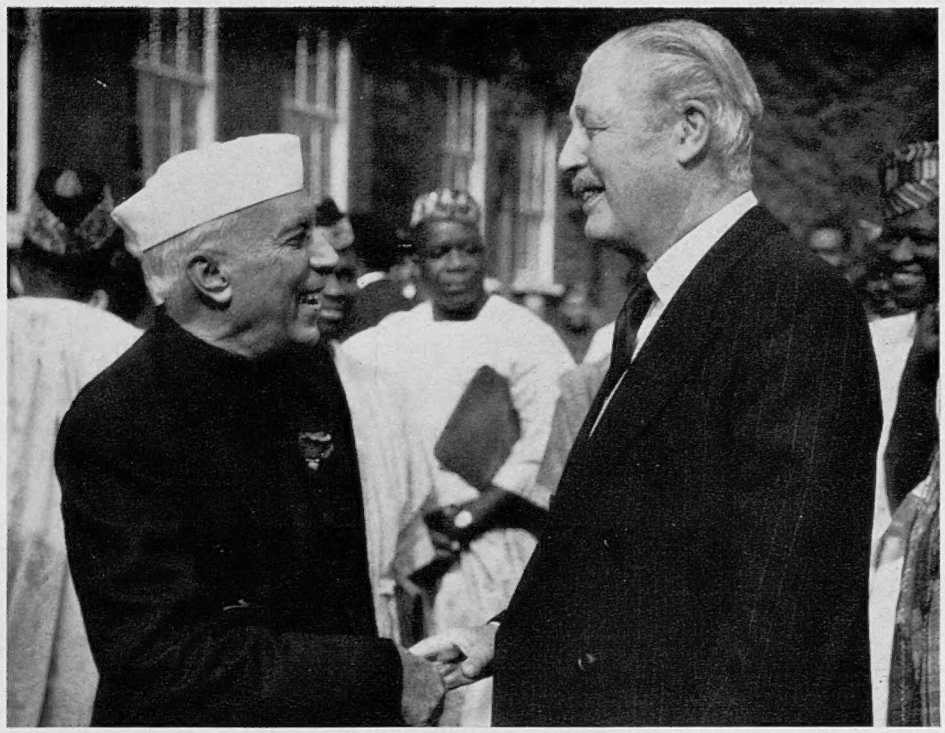
Above: Master and disciple: Mahatma Gandhi talks with Nehru in 1946. It was in 1919 Nehru first came under the influence of Gandhi

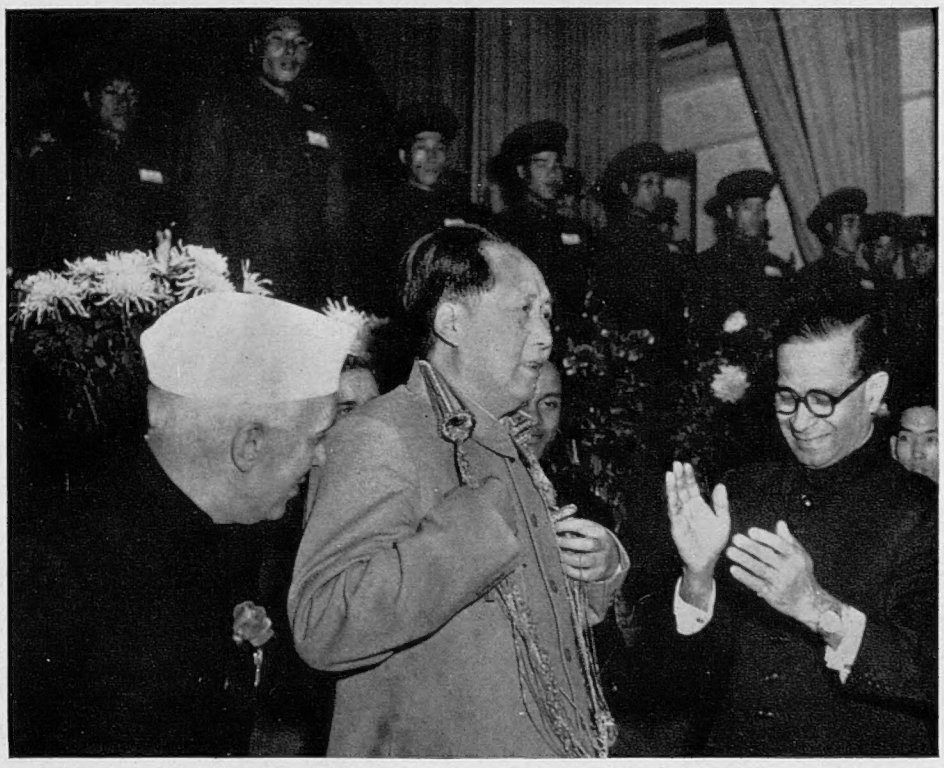
Top left: The young Jawaharlal Nehru at the age of eight years with his mother. His family were Kashmiri Brahmins who had settled in Allahabad where he was born in 1889

Top right: A member of the Cambridge University Training Corps. Nehru was educated in Britain at Harrow School and Trinity Cambridge

Right: The Indian Prime Minister with his sister Mrs Pandit and Lord Mountbatten during a visit to London. Lord Mountbatten was the last Viceroy of India and the first Governor-General

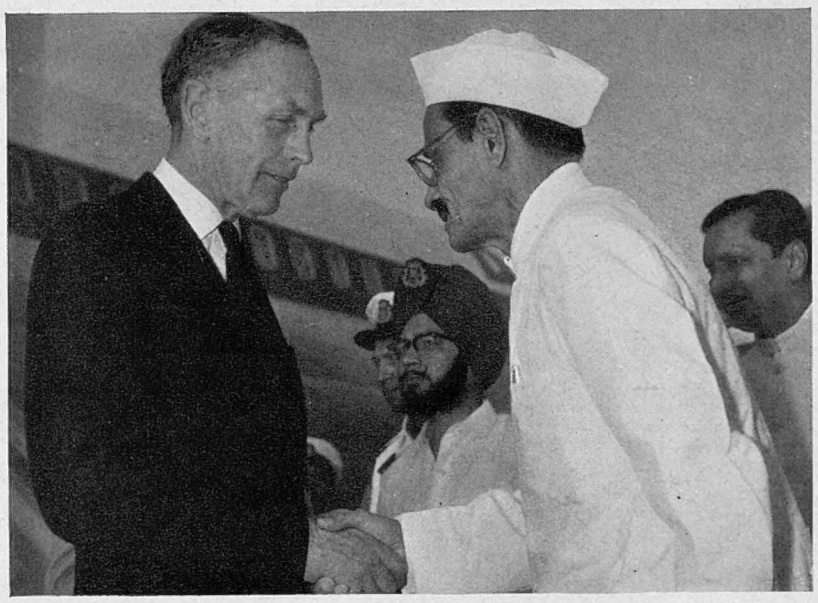




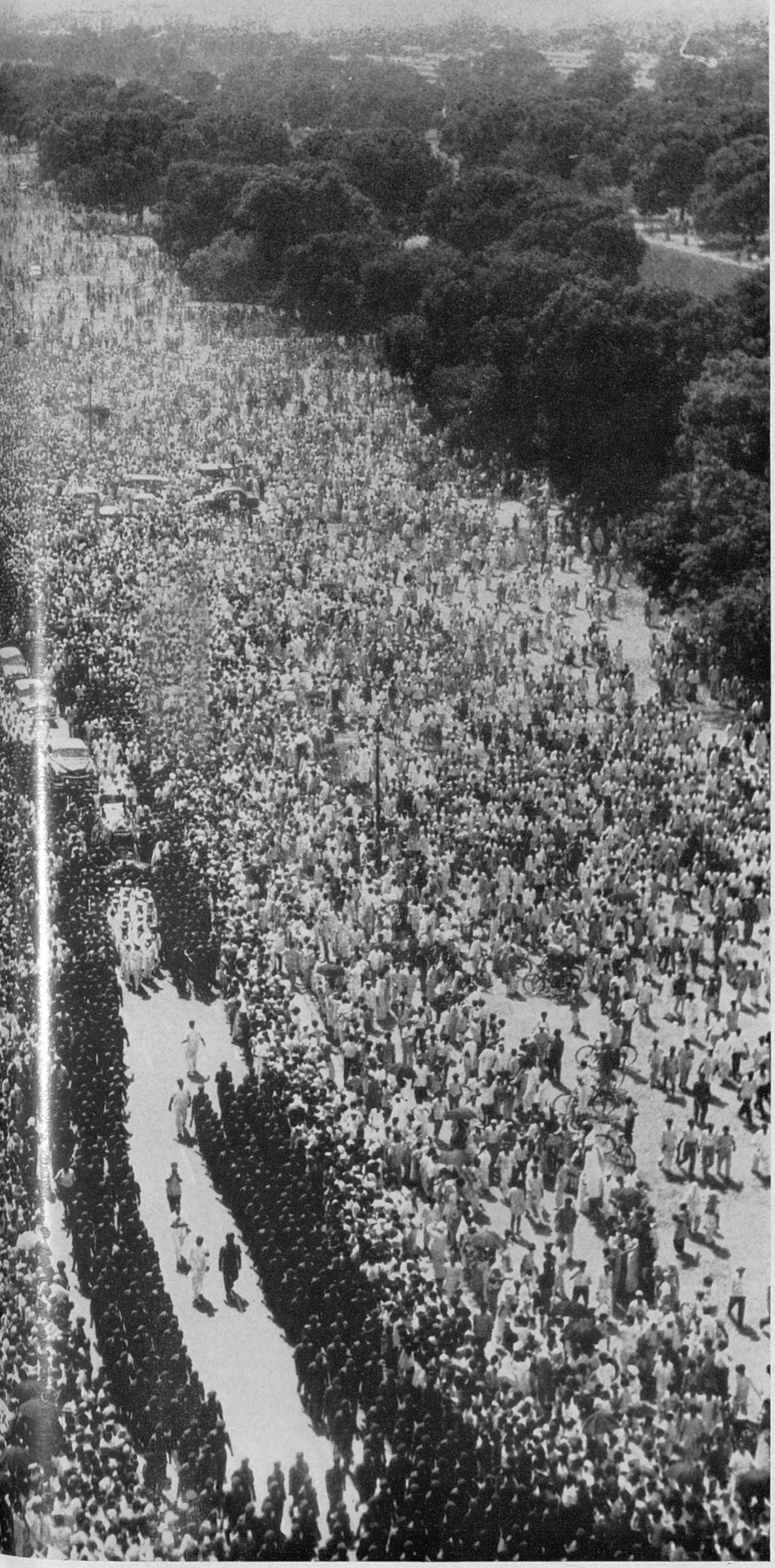


Top: At the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London, 1962, Nehru and Mr Harold Macmillan, then Britain's Prime Minister, greet each other before the start of the opening session in Marlborough House. This was the conference which discussed the possibility of Britain's entry into the Common Market. In all Commonwealth leaders' discussions, Nehru was a moderating influence
Above: In the Indian Embassy in Pekin, Nehru presents a hand-woven gold fibre chain to Mao Tse-tung. The picture was taken during the Indian leader's visit to China in 1954 when he believed Pekin would respect his policy of non-alignment. But in recent years first the Chinese occupation of Tibet and then the Chinese military aggression over India's borders shattered his hopes
Left: A conversation with a caller on the balcony of his New Delhi home. It was his custom to receive visitors in an informal manner at home each morning before going to Parliament

TRIBUTES TO NEHRU



Above: In New Delhi, statesmen of the world gather to pay their tributes to the late Prime Minister of India. With Dr Radhakrishnan, the Indian President, are, from left to right, Mrs Bandaranaike, Prime Minister of Ceylon; Mr Alexei Kosygin, a Soviet Deputy Premier, and Mr Dean Rusk, the US Secretary of State
Right: Sir Alec Douglas-Home is greeted on his arrival in New Delhi by the acting Prime Minister, Mr G. L. Nanda
Far right: The cortège on its way to the River Jumna for the cremation
Below: M Roger Seydoux (right) of France, pays tribute to Mr Nehru at the Security Council in New York. Left is the UN Secretary-General, U Thant



NEWS SUMMARY

Mr Nehru's death and the question of his successor continued to dominate the news at the start of the week. Other matters in the headlines are noted below:

Great Britain: In Aberdeen, by Monday morning, the typhoid outbreak in the city had claimed 197 confirmed cases and 30 suspected. Contaminated corned beef was believed to be the cause. Over the weekend Aberdeen was officially described as a "beleaguered city" after the medical officer of health, Dr I. A. G. MacQueen, had advised people not to enter or leave the city. Later last Monday there was news of the first confirmed case outside Aberdeen, when typhoid was diagnosed in a 13-year-old Glasgow boy. Government spokesmen on health and agriculture faced long lists of questions arising from the epidemic when Parliament reassembled on Tuesday. Meanwhile there was a mildly optimistic note from Dr MacQueen who said that the outbreak might be waning, although he urged on people not to relax their fight against the disease.

Soviet Union: Mr Harold Wilson, Leader of Britain's Labour Party, arrived in Moscow on Sunday for a four-day visit. He was accompanied by two members of his Shadow Cabinet, Mr Patrick Gordon Walker and Mr Michael Stewart. Their programme was to include a meeting with Mr Khrushchev.

South East Asia: Consultations at Ambassadorial level about the situation in Laos were expected to begin in Vientiane, the Laotian capital, at the beginning of the week. The British Chargé d'Affaires, Mr John Denson, was to chair the meeting. Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Prime Minister of Laos, had asked for the consultations to be held under the 1962 Geneva Agreement guaranteeing the neutrality of Laos.

On his way to Honolulu for a meeting of US Government and military leaders on South East Asia over which he was to preside, Mr Dean Rusk, the American Secretary of State, summed up the situation by saying that China must leave her neighbours alone.

South Arabia: Mr Nigel Fisher, British Parliamentary Colonial Under-Secretary, was in the Federation of South Arabia last weekend. The purpose of his visit was to gather opinions from those attending the Constitutional Conference due to open in London next week.

Algeria: There was much speculation last Sunday night about the reasons for the sound of a bomb explosion and of machine-gun fire reported to have been heard in Algiers near the villa of President Ben Bella. The house was immediately surrounded by security troops.

Congo: An uprising in north Katanga was reported in Leopoldville last weekend. The revolt was said to have been put down after 100 people had been killed and 150 arrested.

British Guiana: The leaders of the three political parties in British Guiana suggested at the end of last week that Dr Eric Williams, the Prime Minister of Trinidad and Tobago, should visit Georgetown to mediate in the racial and political controversy that has reached a new level of violence.

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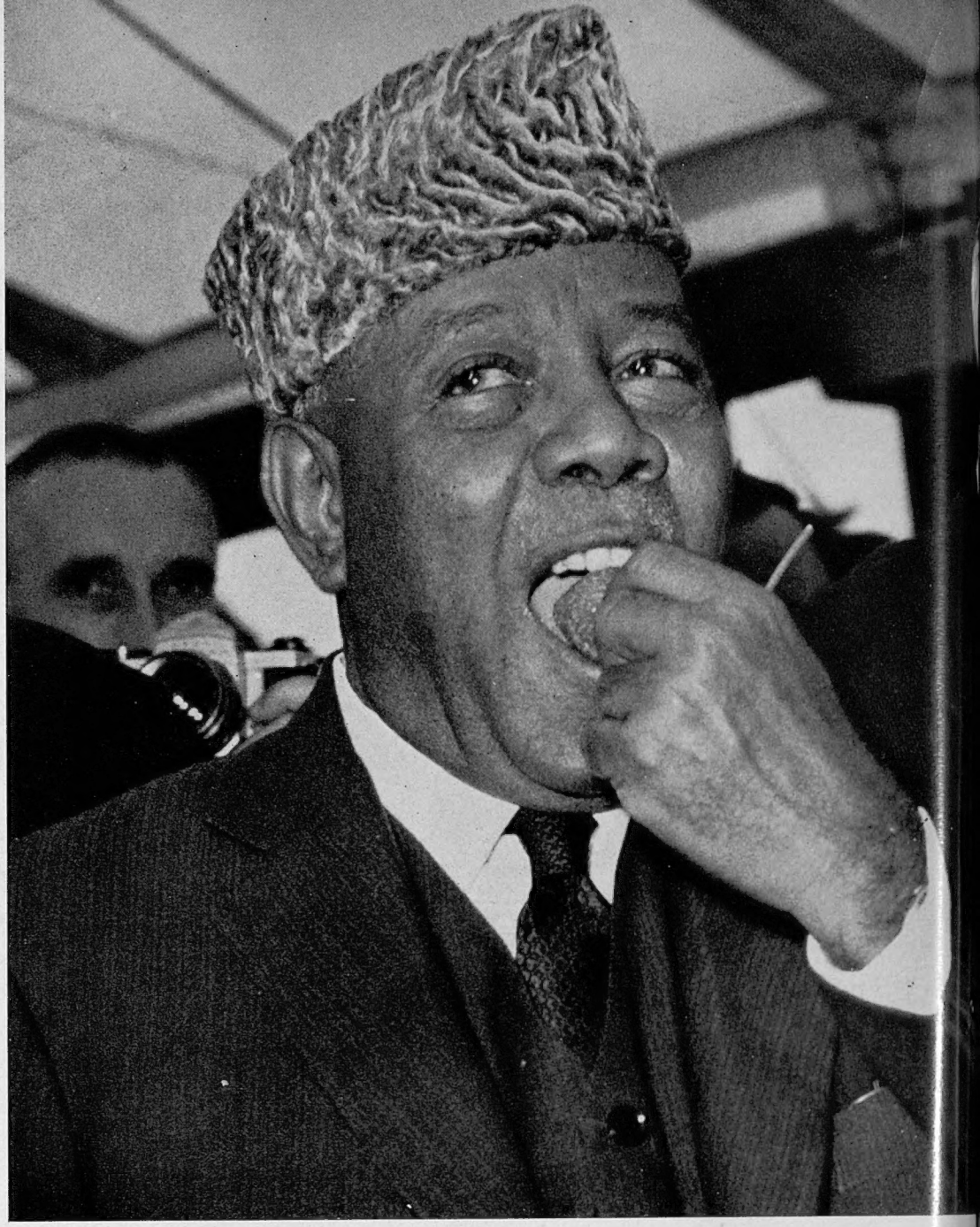
SUDANESE STATE VISIT

Public buildings in London were flying the gold, green and blue striped flags of the Sudan for the arrival of the Republic's President on a ten-day State visit to Britain. President General Ibrahim Abboud, who has been President of the Sudan since the army took over the government of the country in November, 1958, arrived at Victoria Station from Gatwick accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and drove with the Queen in procession to Buckingham Palace. During its development as an independent country, the Sudan has had consistently friendly relations with Britain. The General is making extensive visits in Britain and was to be with the Queen at the Derby.



Right: The President of the Sudan, General Ibrahim Abboud, tasting a strawberry at the Chelsea Flower Show in London, on the second day of his State visit

Below: Driving down the Mall towards Buckingham Palace from Victoria Station, the Queen with her State guest, the President of the Sudan

Far Right: The Queen and President Abboud at Victoria Station on the latter's arrival in London

b

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15, John Adam Street, London, WC2

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" Seriously speaking . . ."

A sense of humour can be a dangerous thing. Before you indulge it, you must be sure of your company. Some people who constantly engage in public speaking can get away with (or are excused) an off-the-cuff pleasantry not intended to do more than lighten the general drabness of public oratory. The habitual public speaker wants to be taken seriously but not *too* seriously all the time. He becomes " the dinner-bell of the House " if he fails to mix a little quicksilver with the lead. Prince Philip is allowed a joke or two. So is sunny Sir Alec. Most audiences receive their little jokes without attaching to them deliberate personal attacks. Even a Chancellor announcing a bleak budget has been allowed a grim jest or two. Poor Mr Brown is not so fortunate. If he ventures a light-hearted jest in a solemn discourse, he is accused of being light headed. Obviously at this critical time he must control his impish humour and muzzle his Puck. The matter of his discourses are too important (until after the General Election) to allow him any such licence. There is always a chance that in a mixed audience there may be a Scotsman " who jokes with deeficulty," a Welshman unusually thin-skinned, or a fanatic of the blood sport or Baconian type whose recognised weapon in argument and discussion is the bludgeon and not the rapier. Journalists sometimes suffer the same occupational risk.

Athletic records

Is there a limit to the breaking of records in athletic events, and what is the prime cause of ever-shortening times and ever-lengthening distances? In my youth, I sometimes represented Oxford as second string in the long jump and (for a second string) a jump of just under 22 feet was reckoned quite good, at a time when " Cakers " Cornwallis and Henderson-Hamilton produced times for the quarter-mile and the mile which were confidently regarded as university records. Today a number of men have knocked 18 seconds off H.H.'s mile and at least four feet have been added to the long jump records regarded as good until Fry's great leap. It beats me to discover the reason for the constant smashing of records. In 1905 we were as well-fed, as adequately trained, as well served in the matter of tracks and running shoes and kit as athletes are today. Apart from the fact that we were few and essentially " amateur," the only explanation I can conjecture is will-power, the urge to out-do the latest " best "; for I dismiss the possibility of pep pills. " To find out what you cannot do and then proceed to do it." All the same, there's a limit. Ambition, will-power, the competitive spirit (call it what you will), even with a following Force 10 wind, will never achieve a long jump of 30 feet, nor a mile in three minutes. So one day athletic records must stand for all time; and I daresay we are approaching that *status quo*. We may do better on the moon.

" When the lances break and shiver "

The Eglington Tournament of 1839 still stands as an example of what a really wet summer day can do to make a complete flop of an outdoor pageant: £40,000 went down that drain (equal to £400,000 today). It is brave of the National Trust to stage again a jousting tournament with knights in armour. June 27 is the appointed day, and " Old Sol," I trust, " will be in the ascendant." Montacute is the venue, and I am sure that its lovely facade never before 1964 looked down on knights in armour jousting. The prudent Phelips family who built it and lived (and shivered) in it for centuries would at no time have found jousting their cup of tea. Lord Curzon, in his brief tenancy, would have been more likely to favour such a pageant. The lovely Ham Stone house has no rival for mellow warmth *outside* when the sun shines. Inside it was a refrigerator, summer and winter alike, until his day. Despite the flop at Eglington in 1839, I seem to remember that knights were recalled to the arena again in our own time and that Sir Winston and Lord Birkenhead (in their younger days) did battle for some good cause. Some lady must be found to fill the role of Queen of Beauty, as Sheridan's grand-daughter, Lady Seymour, did at Eglington. Somerset should have no difficulty in finding the lady. It has already chosen its county knights. The lances will be rubber-tipped, but the organisers have decided for safety to " have near some surgeon on their charge." May the sky be blue and the surgeon's role a sinecure!

Royal archives

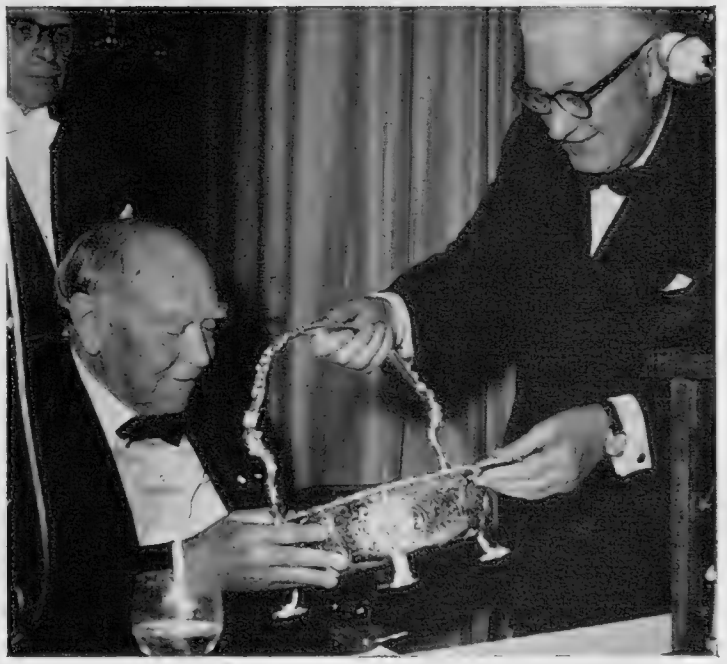
The private citizen nowadays has no room to store family archives, and no doubt they are less important than they were in bygone days when the simple annals of a country parsonage or the letters of an unimportant rustic family could be the chief source for recording the social history of England. Today almost everything can be " played back " or seen again by

Left: The Crown Prince of Brunei (second from left) and some of his family are shown over the London Stock Exchange by Miss Susan Pretty, one of the Exchange's guides. With them are, from left, Princes Mohamad, Yusuf and Kamarulzaman

Far left: On a tour of the East End Maternity Hospital in London, Princess Alexandra stops to speak with Mrs Daphne Sullivan who holds her six-day-old daughter. Princess Alexandra's son, James Robert Bruce Ogilvy, was born on February 29

Below left: Mr John Johnson, Mayor of Dallas, presents a pair of cuff-links to the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman C. J. Harman, at the Mansion House. They are watched by Mrs Johnson

Below: At the dinner given in London by Lord Thomson to mark Lord Beaverbrook's 85th birthday, the host presents a silver dish to the guest of honour. There were more than 650 people present



recourse to files, photographic records and films. But where there still exists room for storage and where political or historical figures are concerned, the case for hoarding remains very strong. The Windsor archives are immense. The most trivial royal letters and youthful diaries are available in permanent leather covers. And although neither her son nor grandson who succeeded her possessed Queen Victoria's vigorous style of descriptive writing, the jejune diaries which they devotedly kept saved their biographers an infinity of research into the dates and details of events. George V's and Queen Mary's diaries—dull as they are—were quite invaluable. These archives would be twice as large if royal survivors had not been free to destroy any writings which in their view might give pain or present an unfavourable picture of a departed relative. Sir P. Magnus's life of Edward VII was based on all available sources, royal and private archives and printed books. But his appetite was not sated by the banquet available. He deplored, as other royal biographers have done, the destruction caused by well-meaning, prudent royal executors and survivors. It remains to say that, even with a contemporary Boswell ever at hand to note down a great man's *extempore* and off-the-cuff sayings, a " definitive " portrait of any human being is unattainable. " The thoughts of men are not triable," and even those most willing to express them, verbally or in letters and diaries, have never revealed more than a fraction or a facet of their inner lives.

" A free country "

One of the young blackguards, " interfered with " by our " Gestapo " police while he was wrecking in Margate or Brighton at Whitsun remarked: " I thought it was a free country." Probably he and his companions—juvenile thugs and sluts—genuinely believe in the slogan " Do as it pleases you " of the *Hell-Fire Club*. They have much in common with that old Wycombe clique. They are few in number in a population of many millions and most of them have too much money to throw about. One, asked if he needed time to pay a £75 fine, replied " No, I'll write you a cheque now." It is a pity that our boasted free society is not more widely understood to enjoy only a freedom with strings attached; a pity that we cannot benefit the nation by employing the penalties imposed on those who enjoy freedom-without-any-strings, for the nation's good and for the good of the criminals. A " free " nation like ours cannot tolerate national military service. We might surely stretch a point and condemn these thugs to two years' national military service. They would, most of them, emerge the better for it, and would have experienced a little discipline. *The Old Stager*

POLITICS AND SCANDAL

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Above: Mary Law as Emilia Pattison, later to become Lady Dilke, and Anthony Quayle as Sir Charles Dilke, in *The Right Honourable Gentleman*, which opened at Her Majesty's Theatre in London on May 28
Above right: Dilke is faced by Sir Henry James (Llewellyn Rees) and Joseph Chamberlain (Jack Gwillim) at that time still radically inclined

The citation of Sir Charles Dilke as co-respondent in a divorce action in 1885 was one of the major sensations of the latter years of the 19th century. Dilke had the highest political honours within his grasp when the crash came. The story is obvious material for drama, as Mr M. Bradley-Dyne has appreciated. In his play one or two of those concerned with the events have been given fictitious names but for the most part the cast has the names of the real participants in politics and society of the time. *The Right Honourable Gentleman* opened at Her Majesty's Theatre in London on May 28. Previously it had been seen for a week in Birmingham and for another week in Liverpool.

Above: Dilke, Mrs Garland (Jill Melford), Mrs Virginia Crawford (Anna Massey) and Mrs Ashton Dilke (Anne Stevenson). The play, dealing with the divorce action involving Dilke, is written by M. Bradley-Dyne
Left: Mr Bodley (played by Corin Redgrave) in a scene with Sir Charles Dilke in *The Right Honourable Gentleman*

D-DAY AND TODAY

Above : British and Canadian troops go ashore at Besnières in Normandy in the great assault on Hitler's Fortress Europe on D-Day, June 6, 1944

Above right: Besnières as it is today. Boys collect mussels on the shore against a background of lines of beach chalets and the tall house which remains the one feature from the D-Day picture

June 6, 1944, was the date of the most massive combined operation ever mounted, when British, Canadian and American forces landed on the beaches of Normandy to start their campaign for the liberation of Europe and the annihilation of Hitler and Nazism. Planning had been going on for over two years. The provisional date for the invasion was June 5 but unfavourable weather forecasts caused General Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces, to postpone the attack by 24 hours. Before dawn paratroops and units carried by gliders landed behind the German coastal defences. Shortly after daylight the assault began from the sea, on five beach areas given the code names of Sword, Juno and Gold (British and Canadian objectives), and Omaha and Utah (United States Army). It was inevitable that vast areas of Normandy were fought over and desolated. Today towns and villages have been restored and the countryside flourishes, and it is difficult, unless one was there, to realise what it was like 20 years ago.

Above: The architects of victory: America's General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces, and Britain's General (later Field-Marshal) Montgomery, the Deputy Commander, survey the situation on one of the Normandy beaches.
Left: Omaha Beach, which was one of the main points of attack by the American forces, today is a pleasant coral of sand and shingle on which children play and search for shells
Far left: On D-Day the Americans land at Omaha. Offshore are some of the craft which brought them. General Eisenhower paid a visit there on the day after D-Day. He found "isolated centers of resistance still held out and some of them sustained a most annoying artillery fire against our beaches and landing ships. . . . In fact the resistance encountered at Omaha was at about the level we had feared all along the line." Surprise at the invasion taking place under the prevailing weather conditions " accounted for the low order of active opposition on most beaches "

D-DAY AND TODAY

continued from page 363

Above: In the battle of the beach-heads in Normandy on D-Day this is another photograph, taken at the time, of Omaha Beach. It was stormed by the American troops with very great courage and considerable loss

Above left: The rebuilt village of La Deliverande as it is today
Top left: British troops advance through La Deliverande after D-Day. Their objective was Caen, where the fiercest battle led to the first real break-through

Above: Port-en-Bessin has nowadays an air of quietness and relaxation
Left: A tracked vehicle is brought ashore in the attack to make its way up the cobbled slope into Port-en-Bessin

Top: Caen today has been rebuilt and is a flourishing centre with some of its medieval remains still intact
Top left: The centre of the old Norman city was devastated by bombardment in the war

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SUMMER HERALD

366 I do not really need a calendar to tell me that May—and, with May, spring—has passed. With no calendar at all I would know within a very few days of the first of the month that June—and, with June, summer—had arrived. I would know by the flowering of the common wild rose, the dog-rose (I wonder why it is so widely known as the " dog " rose?), for the wild rose is the most conservative of all the wild blossoms that adorn the countryside.

The wild rose takes little or no notice of the weather. Exceptionally fair-weather years, like that of 1921; the years of very forward springs and very wet summers, such as that of 1939; the years when spring does not materialise at all (we get plenty of those of course, but 1938 particularly sticks in my mind); altogether abnormal years, like 1940, when spring was late after a very cold winter and a long spell of consistently wet weather day after day was followed by an exceptionally fine and warm May; even the memorable months of early 1963, when heavy snows and record low temperatures virtually wiped out spring altogether: none, over all that long period, made any noteworthy difference to the first flowering of the wild rose. My earliest record for this great event is June 2, 1940; my latest June 9, 1938. This year (I write, of course, a little in advance of publication), despite one of the driest winters on record, will see no difference. The wild rose hereabouts will flower between June 1 and 9, just the same as usual.

With its flowering go the last thoughts of spring. So long as it remains in the stage of green bud, no matter how warm the weather, spring is with us; summer has not attained fulfilment. It is the flowering of the wild rose, the bursting of the bud into the exquisite pink petals surrounding a mass of golden stamens, that gives to summer its first fullness, the bejewelled greenery setting off to perfection the sweet June sunlight and the clear blue of a cloudless June sky.

The wild rose—the wild rose and none other—is England's national flower. And once, and indeed until quite recently, there were a number of widely held superstitions connected with its flowering. Richard Jeffries in *Wild Life in a Southern County* mentions one:

The great meadow hedge . . . is lovely in June with the wild roses blooming on the briers which grow there in profusion. Some of these briers stretch forth into the meadow, and then, bent down by their own weight, form an arch crowned with flowers. There is an old superstition about these arches of brier hung out along the hedgerow: magical cures of whooping-cough and some other diseases of childhood can, it is believed, be effected by passing the child at sunrise under the brier facing the rising sun.

" The great meadow hedge": obviously an untrimmed hedge, an uncared-for hedge. There were plenty of superstitions connected with the flowering of the wild rose: but that was all. Nobody cared for the rose itself. And nobody does today.

Nobody bothers about the wild rose. Nobody prunes it: nobody cuts out the old wood. Nobody sprays it: nobody mulches it. Nobody bothers about greenfly or black spot or mildew or whatever. We just take it for granted that the wild rose knows how to look after itself; that it will flower in the first week of June, that it will be just as good this year as it was last year and the year before. And I know a species rose, *filipes*, which was planted many years ago in a neighbouring garden and which has never had anything at all done to it or for it. It has never felt a pruning knife, never had a spray, never had a mulch. It was just stuck into the ground to climb over a tree. It has climbed over that tree. It must now be at least 40 feet high. And each year it seems to flower more profusely than it did the year before.

Thinking of the wild rose, thinking of that *filipes*, I sometimes wonder why on earth we—and I no less than all the rest—go to such endless trouble, making of gardening, and particularly of our roses, a labour. No doubt there is sound reason for doing so with the hybrid teas, with the standards, even perhaps with the floribundas. But with the climbers and the ramblers? What, I wonder, would happen if one just left them to look after themselves. The answer, I am pretty sure, is that they would do very well; provided, of course, that they were planted in the right position.

The climbing rambler rose (Euphrosyne), with pink or white flowers, is to be found adorning arches and pergolas in a great many English gardens

The secret of the success of the wild rose (as of all wild plants), the secret of the success of that *filipes*, is position: they grow in the right places. That *filipes* has flourished exceedingly —and the wild rose rambling through its hedgerow succeeds for precisely the same reason —because it grows from shade into sunlight. Living in a land too often starved of sun, we tend to over-value sunshine, to deprecate shade. The truth of the matter is that unmitigated sun is the enemy of the gardener. Unless it be well shaded, excess of sun defeats the purpose of a garden more thoroughly, more searchingly, than does excess of rain. Plants need light rather than heat. Have a look at the hedgerow through which the wild rose rambles and note how many other climbing plants also make use of it: tufted vetch, goose-grass, the bryony, the great bindweed; all climbing towards the sunlight, but all serving to protect each other from the heat.

But there is also another reason for the success of that *filipes*, for the success of the wild rose: time. That *filipes* has succeeded because it has been left alone to grow at its own, at nature's, pace. Excess of sun short-circuits the normal rhythms of growth, hustling the plants into budding, flowering and seeding: and so do the chemicals we use nowadays. Plants need time.

But time is the prey of progress. Today, we all want quick results. Speed is the dominant factor in modern life: time is swallowed up. You may remember that Andrew Marvel, 400 years ago, was all in favour of speeding things:

Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.

All very well for human nature, maybe. But against nature, against the natural scheme of things which dictates the length of growing time.

YACHTING

Nearly all European countries from both sides of the Iron Curtain will be represented in the great biennial event of the International Flying Dutchman Class, the European Championship and Flying Dutchman Week which starts this weekend at Whitstable. At the time of writing, the entries from Russia and Belgium were subject to confirmation, but including these two there should be 16 nations represented in the European Championship series. Each country can enter only one boat, with the exception that the last winner is allowed to defend his title in addition to his country's official nomination, should the two not be the same.

This is why there will be two British boats racing this year. Keith Musto and his crew Tony Morgan in *Lady C* have shown such outstanding form in recent racing that they are the officially nominated British representative. Johnson Wooderson, who won the title at Muiden in Holland in 1962, is also entitled to enter. During the two weekends, May 9-10 at Thorpe Bay (20 starters) and the open meeting at Whitstable during Whitsun (24 starters), Musto has shown such absolute supremacy by winning five races out of seven, with a second and a sixth place, that his nomination was a foregone conclusion. Stuart Jardine in *Pandora V* won two races, with two seconds and three third places. Wooderson in his boat *Semantha II* was placed very badly.

In this Olympic year, the interest focused on the European Championship of one of the five Olympic classes is greater than ever, and the participants obviously will include the greatest hopes of each country. The Whitstable Yacht Club, which is organising this event, is faced with a tremendous task. Its excellent resources will be used to the limit, for not only is the European Championship series to be run, but during the same week the Flying Dutchman Week as well, simultaneously, but separately. Two Olympic type courses will be in use for the two series, each of which consists of six racing days, which start on Monday the 8th, broken by a rest day on Thursday. The Flying Dutchman Week's races are for the Dawes Challenge Trophy. The Championship fleet is expected to consist of 16-17 boats, while the " Week " may have as many as 50 entries.

It is in the racing for the Dawes Challenge Cup, where numbers are not restricted, that each country is entering their leading helmsmen, other than their selected ones for the Championship. On the side of Britain, the other leading Flying Dutchman helmsmen who are on the Olympic selection " short list " will have a chance to show their mettle, and among them are Stuart Jardine (*Pandora V*), who was runner-up to K. Musto in the recent events, Dick Pitcher in *Crossbow*, A. Fox and John Oakeley in *Shampoo*, and Michael Delmar-Morgan in *Bandylegs*. If *Lady C* does as well in the European Championship as one is inclined to hope, the chances of selection for these other stalwarts, when it comes to the final selection trials, although very much a possibility, will be rather remote.

The Championship fleet includes, as might be expected, some helmsmen with previous Olympic experience. Among them are the gold

Above: Keith Musto at the helm and Tony Morgan as crew in *Lady C*, the official British entry for the European Championships
Top: A fleet of yachts in the Flying Dutchman class are seen in a race off Whitstable, Kent

medallist at Naples, Peder Lunde of Norway, and Hans Fogh of Denmark, who won the bronze. Their participation puts the value of the championship very high, the racing is bound to be keen and tough with so much in the balance. By saying this I would certainly not like to create the impression that the " other " fleet's effort should be tame. Far from it, there is much talent in that fleet too.

BRONTË COUNTRY

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

368 The main street of Haworth climbs steeply up between the grey stone houses. The weather was grey, too, that morning, but the hills encircling the village carved wonderful green arcs under the clouds that pressed down upon them, and there was a hint of the dales which lay a little to the north.

Halfway up the hill there is a small general shop announcing an illustrated Brontë guide for 3d. Such a bargain could not be missed, so I went in, to be halted by an overpowering smell of gas, traceable to the unlit gas lamp over the counter. Behind the counter stood a tiny old lady, who looked surprised when I drew her attention to the gas, and asked if I knew her cousins in Finchley. When we had discussed solemnly the largeness of London, she saw me to the door, where I breathed thankfully the fresh damp air and besought her to contact immediately whatever authority presides over the Haworth gas supply. She nodded absently at the grey drizzle. " It'll clear on dinner time," she prophesied.

This bizarre conversational interlude was typical of many enjoyed in shops, inns and cottages up and down the north and west ridings of Yorkshire during the following days. And the little lady was right, for it did " clear on dinner time." By then I had visited the parsonage and the churchyard across which it looks bleakly to the dark grey church, and, like many before me, had mused at length on the strange and sad history of the Brontë family. Of the six children who came to Haworth when they were all under the age of seven, two died before their teens, and all of them were dead by their late twenties or early thirties, except Charlotte, who did not quite reach forty and was the only one to know a few brief months of married life. Of the remnants of their brief lives which have been reassembled in Haworth parsonage, the most absorbing for me are the Lilliputian magazines written by the Brontë children in a hand so miniscule yet precise that they can just be read without a magnifying glass. The fantasy world and wild adventures they describe read strangely in the staid calm which still pervades the parsonage.

The church has been rebuilt since the Brontë days, though the family memorial is still there, together with the vault under the flagstones, and the old parish registers. The church almost overlooks the Black Bull, a cheerful pub offering bed and breakfast at 19s 6d a night, where the bell cord which served Branwell so well has been known to ring in the apparent absence of any human hand to pull it.

Haworth outside the tourist season is a fine place for dawdling, and one can forgive it then its " olde tea shoppe " and the frequency with which the Brontë name invades the shop signs. The country around is magnificent, and it needs very little to imagine Emily treading lightly across the heather, finding in the bleak solitude, as her sister Charlotte wrote " many and dear delights and not the least and best was—liberty." But why, one wonders, has the old farmstead on Wuthering Heights been so abandoned to the depredations of souvenir-hungry tourists, who are apparently prepared to tackle the hour's walk just for the purpose of removing yet another piece of its stonework.

From Haworth a lovely, lonely road leads over the moor to the A6068, which you can cross to proceed through more minor lanes to Skipton. The lanes were marked on my map as " Other Roads, Good ", but north of Skipton, where the true dale country lies, the "Other Roads, Good" become gradually more sparse and more frequently replaced by thin white ribbons demoted to mere " Other Roads." Sometimes these lead you where you have a mind to go, but they are just as likely to peter out in the heather or someone's farmyard. It does not matter very much, for all the scenery is magnificent, and the farmyard is likely to be selling fresh butter and Wensleydale cheese.

One road, however (the B6265/6160), leads you with perfect reliability from Skipton along the length of Wharfdale via Grassington, Kettlewell and Buckden, beyond which you should branch left along an unnumbered road (" good ") to Hawes. We had acquired this advice by stopping at a village pub, where you need only comment on the weather to receive a flood of advice and counter-advice on the best route to follow. On this occasion we were heading for Buttertubs Pass, which is only marked as such on some maps anyway, and, after grinning widely at our pronunciation, our advisers directed us to Hawes, from which another unnumbered road (also " good ") soars over the Buttertubs Pass to Muker. The Pass had attracted us not only by the reputation of its bleak soaring scenery, but by the curious cylindrical hollows which had given it its name. Several of them were by the road-side, soon after topping the Pass, and we stopped to peer down into their dank, sinister depths, and marvel at the fluted rock worn by eons of dripping water.

Water is an ever-recurrent theme in Yorkshire. Young rivers thread their silver along the valley floors, streams leapfrog down the rocks, brooks murmur quietly in the heather-hung silence. Underfoot, the moors suck at the soles of your shoes; caves and potholes drip with an endless dribble-rhythm—bedecked in places with ranks of stalactites and stalagmites. Some of the caves are organised for visitors, such as the Stump Cross Caverns a few miles from Pateley Bridge, where enthusiastic young potholers lovingly unfold the secrets of their underworld.

Having crossed the Buttertubs Pass, we reluctantly left the unnumbered roads to follow the pleasing but slightly more civilised charms of the B6270 along Swaledale in search of a night's accommodation. We found it in Richmond, a very satisfying town with a castle overhanging the large market square, whose cobbled aspect is maintained at considerable expense; in the centre of the market place the Holy Trinity Church forms an island with several shops and a cafe tucked in under its north aisle. This curious partnership, however, is no more odd than the church's history, for it has variously served

as a school, warehouse, town hall, assize court and refuge from plague. Richmond's other highlight is the Georgian theatre, one of only two in the whole country, though for no very satisfactory reason we are not allowed access to it during the advertised opening hours.

Castles, abbeys and stately homes abound in Yorkshire, and the pleasure lies in making one's own discoveries. One treasure which may not be so easy to find, however, lies unheralded on the A58 between Rochdale and Halifax, five miles west of Ripponden. Though its several miles' length sweeps back into Yorkshire, its most accessible point lies west of the Yorkshire border by a few hundred yards. The White House inn can give precise directions, but you should go beyond it for no more than a quarter of a mile and stop the car by a track leading to the left through a black and white fence. Look back up the hill and you will see what looks like a cart track disappearing over the desolate rise of the hill. It was dusk by the time we found it at last, but there was still light enough to see the great flagstones, the gutters and kerbs, and the grooves worn by chariot wheels that had passed along this Roman way over 1,800 years before.

For further information: British Travel and Holidays Association, 64/65 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

Left: Part of the Roman road on the Yorkshire-Lancashire border
Far left: A view from the keep of Richmond Castle, Yorkshire
Below: The main street in Haworth, home of the Brontë family who lived in the village parsonage

ROAD TO MOROCCO

The good roads in Morocco are attracting an increasing number of British motorists. Whether they bring a car over with them to Tangier or whether they pick up a self-drive car either in Gibraltar, Tangier or Casablanca, they can now be assured of greatly improved accommodation as far away as the High Atlas. The Moroccan National Tourist Office has recently increased the number of touring hotels from three to eight. They are all first class, the largest being their Hotel Ez Zalagh at Fez which has 70 rooms. At Rabat, the capital, the comfortable Tour Hassan Hotel is being reconstructed and very much enlarged so that by the autumn it will have as many as 170 rooms. Other hotels run by the Tourist Office include the Tafraout in the Anti-Atlas range, Erfoud to the east of the High Atlas, and at Ouarzazate, south of Marrakesh, where the popular 35-room hotel, open all the year round, now has a 17-room annexe at nearby Tifoultout. At Tinerhir which lies at the base of the High Atlas and is a very good centre for exploring the fantastic gorges of Todra and Dades, the small hotel there is having its accommodation increased from 15 to 70 rooms by September of this year. And if you want to get away from it all and enjoy a really warm winter holiday there is always the touring hotel of 31 rooms at Zagora. Prices range between £2 and £3 10s a day, with services and taxes included. There are many other hotels in Morocco, in fact 170 in all, of which nine have a five-star rating.

A new hotel was opened in London recently, the Europa in Grosvenor Square, with 300 rooms. Each has its own private bathroom, complete with shower. Double rooms face outwards, while single rooms look out on to the hotel's roof-gardens. The promise of a programme of continuous taped music in conjunction with a television set and radio in every room are features which might be a mixed blessing. The fact that iced water is also laid on, and baby-sitters or nannies are available suggests that every effort is being made to please as many people as possible.

London is indeed coming along apace as a holiday resort, now Son et Lumiere is to be introduced at Hampton Court this summer with the help of Dorothy Tutin as Anne Boleyn, John Neville as young Henry and Michael Hordern as Cardinal Wolsey. The score is being composed by John Hotchkis. This production, which will run from June 18 to September 26, is in aid of the Lady Hoare Thalidomide Appeal and is sponsored by the London Tourist Board.

An easier way of obtaining tourist visas to East Germany has just been introduced. All that is necessary now is for visitors to supply their travel agents with their proposed journey, their name and address, nationality and occupation. Once the travel agent receives confirmation of hotel bookings he issues the tourist with a visa voucher. On presentation of this voucher at the point of entry, a visa is issued by the frontier visa office. If tourists are only crossing East Germany in transit, they will be able to break their journey anywhere for 72 hours, providing that a room has been booked in advance. This easing of regulations should encourage more British people to visit East Germany. **W.D.C.C.**

Left: At the end of an unnumbered road near Nidderdale is a cart-track and magnificent scenery

EXPERIENCE OF WAR

370 **Memoir of the Bobotes** by Joyce Cary: Michael Joseph. 30s, is a literary curiosity since it is an account written shortly after the events it describes of the author's part in the First Balkan War. He was 23 then, in 1912, and, as he explained more than 40 years later, wanted the experience of war since he thought that there were to be no more after that one. He was at the war for six months, most of them spent as cook in a Red Cross unit and these impressions of his, vividly illustrated by his own pen and wash drawings, reveal the distinguished author at the beginning of his career, a born writer, although he had not then chosen the form and the style that his work was later to take.

Montenegro by Milovan Djilas: Methuen. 25s, was written in prison after the author had been expelled from a leading position in the Yugoslav Communist Party. Later he was to be released but is now back in the same gaol after his publication of *Conversations With Stalin* which gained world-wide fame. This book of his, part history, part fiction, has been translated by Kenneth Johnstone and its theme is the agonising transformation of a country from an antiquated patriarchal monarchy into a province of the new Yugoslav state. As the translator writes in his introduction, Djilas is a master and this profound, even philosophical, book shows one his worth.

Princess Margaret by Dennis Bardens: Robert Hale. 21s, will appeal to those who appreciate royal biographies written in a pleasantly informal, chatty style and copiously illustrated with photographs, by far the best of which, incidentally, were taken by her husband. Mr Bardens has had access to a mass of newspaper material, records and reminiscences; and his own hope, as he tells, is to have written an authentic study but not in what he calls the " breathless hush " style. In this I consider he has been quite successful.

The King and Becket by Nesta Pain: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s, is a clear, factual yet immensely dramatic account of Henry II's friendship and quarrel with the man he made Archbishop and, in doing so, lost to the church. The author is dealing with historical events but as we know even these can be made to appear colourless. With the present book she has written something as vivid and immediate as any Anouilh drama.

The Major by David Hughes: Blond. 18s, is a short novel with a decided impact about a man who comes back to his home in England after long post-war service in Germany to find that either he or the times are completely out of joint. He is a soldier and the ploys of peace-time have no meaning to him. In desperate attempts to come to some kind of terms with domestic life he is alternately brutal and pathetic. He is also, as Mr Hughes makes us see him, a perfectly real human being however unsympathetic we may find him.

More Than Once Upon a Time by Gerald Kersh: Heinemann. 21s, is a collection of 15 short stories by a writer of original skill whose sardonic touch is found at its best in tales dealing with as contrasted subjects as elderly actresses, fake paintings, Spanish swashbucklers or Egyptian funerals. The title story is odd and imaginative as well as having an unfamiliar touch of sentiment, but in the main these stories are crisp, evocative and sharply defined.

The Tenants of Moonbloom by Edward Lewis Wallant: Gollancz. 21s, is a strange story which the author completed not long before his death. He was an American writer with only one published book to his credit before this one but that was a novel which immediately established his reputation for powerful, imaginative writing. In one sense the new book is a story of tragedy and squalor; in another it is the parable of a man's rebirth. In every way it is a work to be reckoned with, by a writer whose death we must regret.

The Learning Tree by Gordon Parks: Hodder and Stoughton. 21s. The author of this fictional autobiography is a distinguished negro photographer and he has written about a 13-year-old coloured boy growing up in a Kansas town in the 1920's and learning the hard way about the struggle for existence and about the relationship, almost invariably uneasy, between black and white. Mr Parks' novel is made up of violence and pathos, fear and compassion. It is as moving as it is readable.

The Flight of the Phoenix by Elleston Trevor: Heinemann. 18s, has a dedication which gives the mood of the novel. " There are certain men who, when faced with the choice of dying or doing the impossible " writes Mr Trevor, " elect to live. This story is written in honour of their kind." Here is a book built, as this author knows so well how to do, of the fabric of suspense. It is concerned with an aeroplane crashing in the Libyan desert and with the survival or slow deaths of its crew and passengers. The situation and its solution are described with almost unbearable tension. **Vernon Fane**

The Hundred Days by Anthony Brett-James: Macmillan. 35s.
The Hundred Days by Edith Saunders: Longmans. 45s.
Nothing can destroy the romance of " the hundred days." Count Cabrol's arbitrary phrase —reckoned from March 20 to June 28, the dates on which Paris acknowledged Bonaparte's " come back " and finally sealed his fate—stuck in history. Days as big with fate in two world wars and in lesser wars cannot diminish the thrill. Of the battle itself innumerable books have been

CO-ORDINATED TRANSPORT

Air Transport Policy by Stephen Wheatcroft: Michael Joseph. 25s.
The Story of Archaeology in Britain by Ronald Jessup: Michael Joseph. 25s.
Garrick's Folly by Johanne M. Stochholm: Methuen. 21s.
Shakespeare and the Sea by A. F. Falconer: Constable. 35s.
The Welfare State by Peter Goldman, and **In The Shadow of the Sword** by Philip Goodhart. Right Angle Books: 6s each, published by Michael Joseph.

Transport and communications problems in Britain have a habit of remaining in water-tight compartments and of being dealt with piecemeal by experts in each individual field, whether it be by road, rail, air or water. This may not be wholly true as Dr Beeching has tried to break out in some measure from his own particular line. But it is true enough to be a matter for deep public heart-searching. Full marks then for economics expert Stephen Wheatcroft whose *Air Transport Policy* takes the wider view, demanding that such a policy must be directed towards the best use of air services within a complete transport system designed to meet the economic needs of an expanding economy and the political requirements of Britain's role in a changing world. Mr Wheatcroft shows indeed that our thinking on this subject is flaccid in the extreme. He asks for instance why as a nation we have not considered the Channel Tunnel investment against the background of alternative ways by which the same transport requirement could be met. In this respect our present machinery of government, which seems to leave transport policy to be moulded by pressure groups, is hopelessly deficient. Mr Wheatcroft urges that this is the moment for co-ordination of the national and international communications networks, not least at this time when the scientific marvel of the jet revolution opens up the prospect in less than ten years of air travel at twice the speed of sound and, at the end of the scale, the multiplying of the motor vehicle opens up the drab prospect of city to airport links at half the speed of the pedestrian.

Ronald Jessup, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and a writer who had done much to popularise archaeological research, not least to enthuse young people with regard to field work, surveys the progress of discovery in *The Story of Archaeology in Britain*. He is a great admirer of Sir Mortimer Wheeler whose opening up, with help from the *Daily Mail* and much publicity, of the Roman amphitheatre at Caerleon-on-Usk in the 1920's kept popular attention focused for months at a time on those now-famous diggings in Gwent. Subsequent work at Verulamium and Maiden Castle brought the public more than ever into the picture, until Sir Mortimer and his colleagues were able to say " the ordinary man is now in truth the patron of archaeological discovery as well as its devotee." With this book Mr Jessup further advances the cause of scholarly digging and its popularity.

Johanne M. Stochholm, of Aarhus University, Denmark, is the second writer in this quatercentenary year of Shakespeare's birth to give a detailed account of the first National Shakespeare Festival, the Stratford Jubilee of 1769, when David Garrick went to town and the Shakespeare cult was never quite the same thereafter. Although *Garrick's Folly* is the title of her book, and this was what Garrick once allowed himself to call the festival, the three day junketing was on the whole a successful venture; for the first time it focused attention on Stratford as the poet's birthplace and for the first time Shakespeare began to be accepted as one who o'topped his peers, a position he had never held before either in general or scholastic esteem. This is a most excellent little volume, and the author has drawn freely on contemporary sources of information and contemporary criticism of the festival to make her account lively and stimulating. The newspaper feud between Garrick's enemies and friends

written and of the four phases perhaps we know little more than Siborne and Houssaye told us. But still it is possible to discover details and glimpses through the smoke of battle. Now, with the approach of the 150th anniversary next year, come two more studies, both of them under that famous title. Brett-James' and Edith Saunders' are admirably written, lucid, authoritative, well-documented, inevitably exciting. Miss Saunders ranges wider. Brett-James concentrates on the battle as numerous eye-witnesses recorded it, and this method is intensely poignant and remarkable.

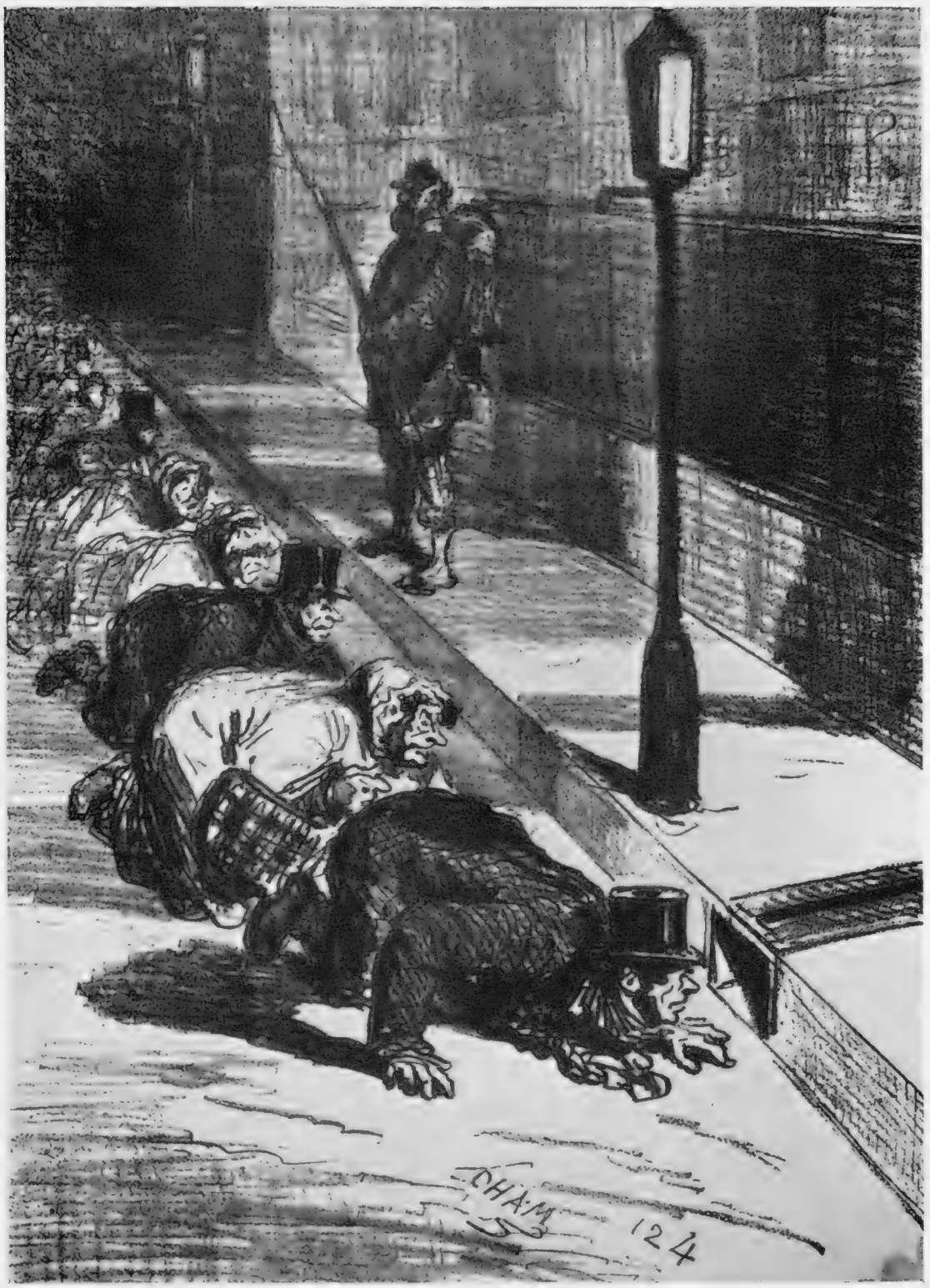
It is now generally accepted that both Grouchy and Ney were ill-served and traduced by Bonaparte. Ney might have made Quatre Bras a decisive victory, Grouchy did his duty, and in any case could not have intervened till 7 p.m. More battles are lost through fatal mistakes than are won through inspired expedients. The smoke from noon onward hung heavy over the tiny field. Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte were only 1,250 yards apart; 2,200 yards separated Mont St. Jean from Belle Alliance.

Wellington visited the two outposts *before 8 a.m.* on the 18th. It surprised me to learn that from both, at that early hour, he could pick out Bülow's cavalry on the Ohain heights to the east; as the crow flies, about two miles away. If true, that fact adequately reveals the boggy state of the roads and lanes and accounts for Blücher's slow approach and Grouchy's inevitable non-involvement. Mud dictated logistics. Cavalry charged at a slow trot. In that narrow compass, wrapt in smoke, units knew nothing of what engaged their neighbours. On the 1,200 yard front of mud the hecatomb of corpses gradually slowed down the always modest tempo. But the Duke, unlike Napoleon, was everywhere and knew what he was about. Hence our pride and undying interest in the hundred days, which these two books revive and increase. **John Gore**

certainly produced an endless number of grossly abusive articles, parodies and poems, and it was these perhaps that kept the festival constantly before the public eye, much to the disgust, it seems, of Horace Walpole who, while in Paris, blushed for the idiocies going on in England.

Professor Alexander Falconer, who holds the chair of English at the University of St Andrews, and who has served as a naval officer, makes his quatercentenary contribution with an anthology *Shakespeare and the Sea*. Throughout he asks us to bear in mind that Shakespeare lived through a long drawn out naval war, when the fears of invasion were very real and naval expeditions and seafights were very much a part of the life of the time. Indeed advances in navigation, sea warfare and exploration dominated the life of Shakespeare's age.

For the politically minded in this year of elections great and small that successful politician Philip Goodhart, M.P. for Beckenham, and his not quite so successful confrère, Peter Goldman, survey the field of battle in the two latest Right Angle books. Mr Goodhart's *In the Shadow of the Sword* examines the whole range of Conservative policies in regard to the outside world. Mr Goldman's *The Welfare State* calls for progressive alterations in structure; and some of us know what that means! **Richard Edmonds**



Above: "The queue for rat meat." A drawing by Cham, the French caricaturist, is an illustration from *The Siege of Paris* by Robert Baldick (Batsford. 35s). There was sufficient food for 12 weeks but the people of Paris in 1870 had to make it last for 19. The siege was the last full-scale investment of a European capital and the first occasion of indiscriminate bombardment

Left: In *Battles of the Boer War* by W. Baring Pemberton (Batsford. 25s) the illustration shows Lord Basil Blackwood and Winston Churchill at Spion Kop, the scene of a British defeat. The Boer War is described as the last gentlemen's war with courteous and chivalrous exchanges passing between opposing commanders and the first of modern wars with a foreshadowing of the ruthlessness of the Great War

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **MR A. G. NORMAN**

Mr A. G. Norman became Chairman of the De La Rue Company Limited on January 1 this year, after 11 years as Managing Director. The second son of a Somerset farming family, he joined De La Rue straight from Blundell's School in Devon. After training in banknote printing, he went at the age of 20 to China, to build, equip and staff a factory in Shanghai to produce banknotes for the Chinese Government. At the outbreak of war he was still in China. Though anxious to join up, he completed a similar assignment in Argentina before returning to the UK as a British Latin-American volunteer. Trained as a bomber pilot in the RAF, Mr Norman, at the age of 26, had won the D.F.C. and bar, and held the rank of Wing Commander. When he was appointed Managing Director of De La Rue in 1953, Mr Norman was faced with a company which had made a loss of £79,000 on a turnover of over £5¼ million. A year later the loss had been turned into a profit of over half a million pounds, and the following 11 years produced steady, planned and controlled growth. Mr Norman now heads a Group with 30 companies in 19 countries. The activities of these companies cover banknote and security printing, Formica laminated plastics, Potterton boilers and central heating equipment, Bull computers, security transport and thermo-electric cooling. Total sales this year may be around £30 million.

In addition to his heavy commitments with De La Rue, Mr Norman is active in other spheres. He was Chairman of FBI South Eastern Regional Council from 1960 to 1962. He is a member of the Export Council for Europe, the Overseas Resettlement Bureau Advisory Council, the Council of the British Institute of Management, the Council of Industrial Design and the Governing Body of the Further Education Staff College. A few weeks ago he was invited to join the board of BOAC. Married with three sons and two daughters, he has a country home near Sturminster Newton in Dorset. Here, when time permits, he is able to enjoy his hobbies of tennis, cricket, golf, shooting and gardening.

DRILLING FOR BRITISH OIL

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

For the international petroleum industry, the idea of Britain as a " host country " will take some getting used to. Most of the " host countries " in which this industry is accustomed to explore for and produce petroleum are underdeveloped countries. Many of the oil countries possess no traditions of stability and some are frankly immature; for a large number of them, petroleum is the only or the most important natural resource they possess. Seeking concessions or helping to frame petroleum laws for these countries is rather a different thing from doing the same in the developed industrial countries bordering on the North Sea, where Mr Erroll and his counterparts in other European coastal states hope to find " a new Texas." But the oil companies are finding these mature and urbane hosts also, in their own ways, rather tricky to deal with.

This appears to be particularly true of Britain, the one country in which, the oilmen argue, they would have expected to find the most sympathetic understanding of the needs, and the inhibitions, of international companies seeking to develop petroleum. Some of the American companies, following last month's publication of the regulations under which Britain will permit exploration of its share of the North Sea bed, feel they are not getting it. They argue that the criteria according to which our government will award exploration or development licences display a certain amount of discriminatory nationalism; and that some of the financial provisions will " set a bad example " for other, perhaps greedier, host governments elsewhere in the world.

Whether these are fair complaints about the regulations that have been made by the Minister of Power under the Continental Shelf Act passed earlier this year can only be a matter of opinion. But the regulations did certainly codify and make public some of the considerations that have always, implicity, been applied by the British government to petroleum companies operating in Britain, whether their purpose be exploration for oil or gas or simply to sell petrol at a few cut-price stations.

In particular, the Minister spelt out some conditions that will be considered in handling applications from foreign companies; for example, how far British oil companies get equitable treatment in such companies' parent countries and what contribution the company applying " has already made or is making towards the development of resources of our continental shelf and the development of our fuel economy generally."

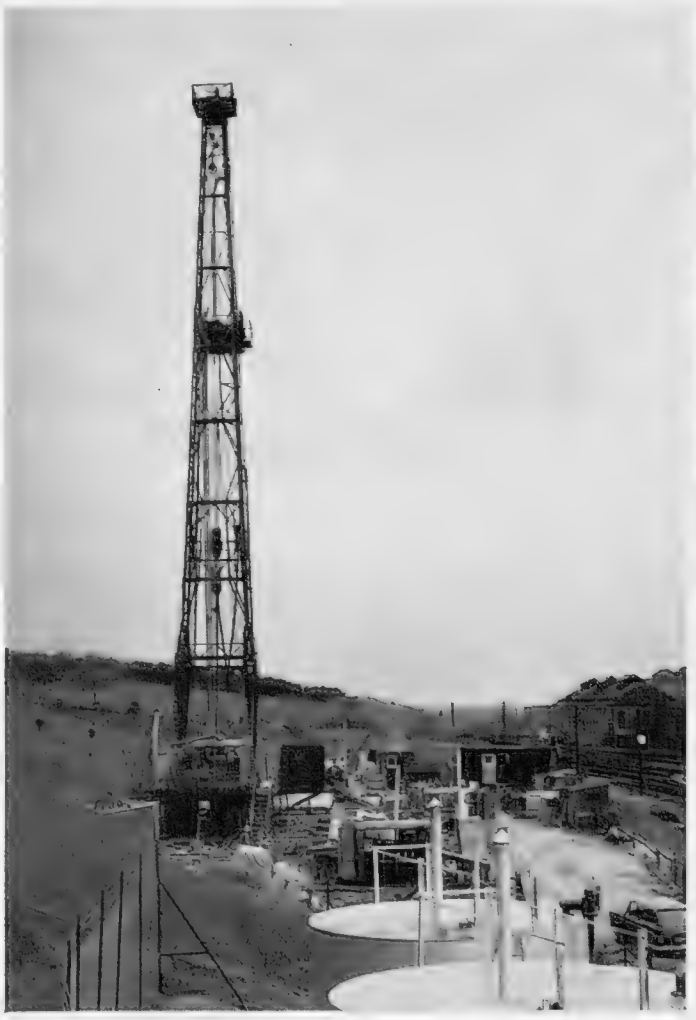
That last phrase could be interpreted in many ways. A number of American companies have already interpreted it as suggesting that one way to get a licence to explore under the North Sea is to apply for one to explore on the British mainland. (We can expect quite a development of interest in drilling some pretty unpromising areas of British countryside before long.) In practice, however, the way in which it has always been interpreted up to now is simple. Is the foreign company sufficiently prepared to " make a contribution towards the development of our fuel economy generally " to put up an oil refinery in Britain? It is quite possible that this criterion, spelt out in connection with North Sea licences, could tip the balance of choice for a number of sizeable companies that during the next few years know they will have to put up a refinery somewhere in Western Europe.

This degree of pressure to invest in Britain, never expressed too severely since oil companies coming to Britain have seldom before this needed much in the way of licensing, does not bother the American companies concerned very much. One specific provision that has bothered them is the requirement also spelt out by the Minister that " the applicant for a licence shall be incorporated in the United Kingdom and the profits of the operation shall be taxable here." It is not that the companies object to paying UK tax; they expect to. It is simply that they fear the way this is applied may prevent them from handling their exploration operations through American-domiciled exploration companies that can gain certain specific benefits and allowances under American tax law. They admit that British companies do not, at present, gain such tax advantages, which could give the American competitor an edge in North Sea exploration. But they do not see why they should not have the customary tax conditions, in seeking to explore here, that they have as American companies everywhere else in the world.

They also feel, and here some of the British companies agree with them, that the financial terms set for the North Sea are pretty stiff. An exploration licence, which allows a licensee to search in any part of a given North Sea area not exclusively licensed to some other developer, will cost £1,000 a year; that is trivial. But the production licences, which do confer exclusive rights to search for and also develop petroleum, confer rights to one or more 250-square-kilometre blocks for six years and to not more than half the original area for 40 years more. These will cost £25 per square kilometre for the initial period; thereafter annual sums rising from £40 to £290 per square kilometre. For large areas, these production licences could become expensive.

It is true that the developer who finds oil will be able to deduct these annual rentals from the 12½ per cent. royalty that he will have to pay on the value of the oil or gas he produces. But this royalty, for tax purposes, will be " expensed "—i.e. charged as an expense against revenue before settling the taxable profits upon which the producer will be liable for UK income tax (of up to 53¾ per cent.). The oil companies think that this sharing of profits with the government, which effectively amounts to a 60 : 40 division in its favour, is onerous in itself. Moreover, they note that the " expensing of royalties," a system that admittedly also operates in Venezuela and many other countries, is precisely what the Middle East member governments of OPEC, the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries, have during the last two years been seeking to establish as a taxing principle to apply to Middle East concessions. Britain, they say sourly, will be a fine example for OPEC to quote.

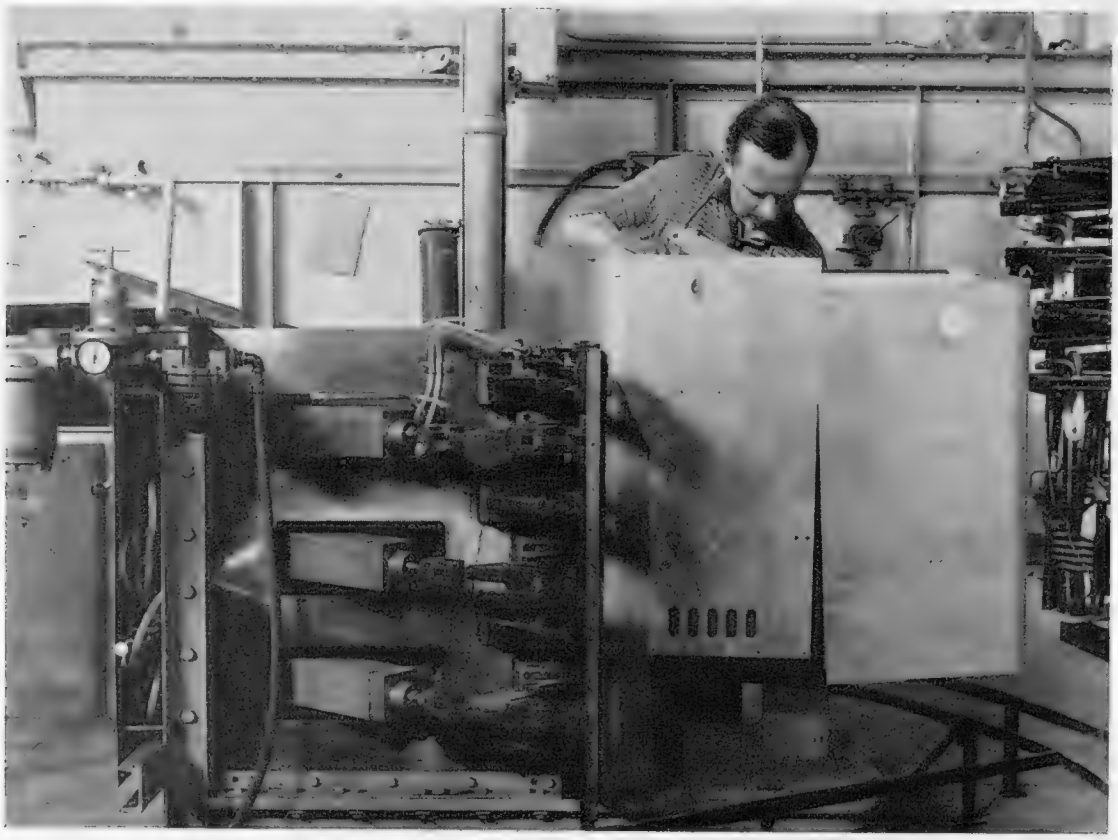
The virtues of this argument are not easy to assess fairly; they are unlikely to stop quite a number of American and other foreign companies from applying to search for gas or oil in the North Sea. If these companies find gas, it is worth noting, they have another problem of British jurisdiction to confront: they will be obliged to offer this gas, for " a reasonable price," to the nationalised British gas industry for first refusal, and not allowed to export it without the Minister's permission. There may also arise some knotty problems about the awarding of licences in the most promising areas; there is no provision for any element of competitive financial bidding in these regulations, and a great deal of discretion will be left to British civil servants in choosing between applicants. Developing a home petroleum industry—if there does turn out to be one to be found under the North Sea—brings quite a range of new problems, even for a country that has spent much of the last 50 years developing petroleum industries in other nations' backyards.



Above: The opening of the first oil well in Britain at Portsdown, Hants., in 1936. The British Petroleum Company drilled at this spot but failed to find oil. Three years later oil was found at Eakring, Notts **Left:** A 127-ft. jack-knife "Ideal T32" drilling rig in operation in the goods yard of the Gainsborough Central station. Up to the end of 1963 the site at Gainsborough had produced 26,431 tons of oil and in April of this year the field exceeded 100 tons a day. Since the discovery of commercial quantities of oil in Britain 25 years ago BP has produced over 1.7 million tons of oil

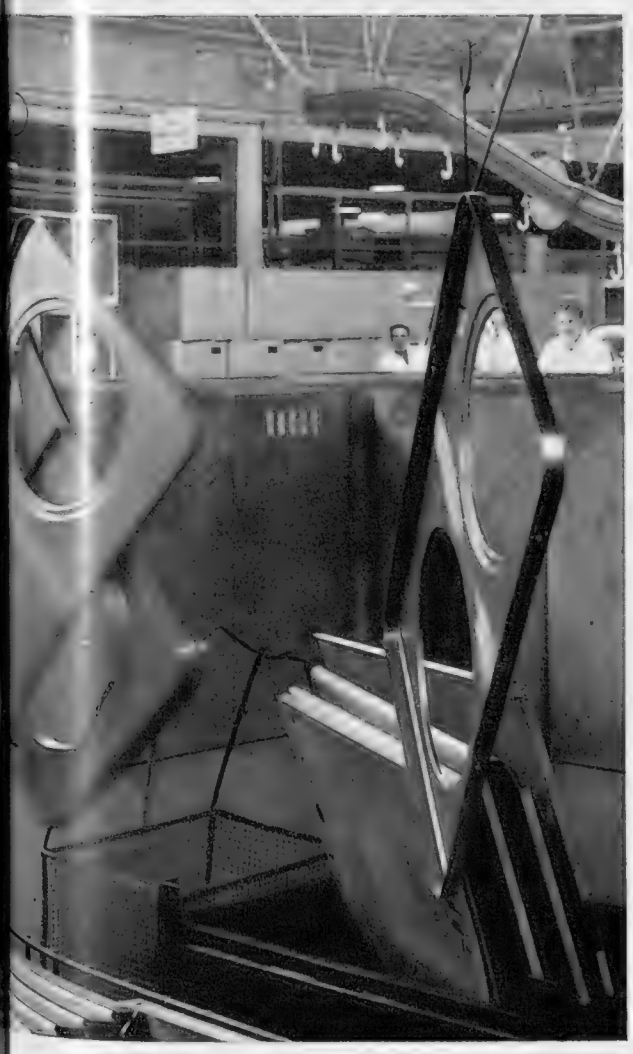
TWIN-TUB PRODUCTION

374 The Morphy-Richards (Astral) Ltd. plant at Gourdie is one of the largest single industrial units in Scotland. The eight-acre factory on the north-west Dundee city boundary was specifically designed for a high volume flow production. The building was opened in 1961. The plan was initiated in 1958 by Mr W. Roxburgh, Managing Director of Morphy-Richards (Astral) Ltd., a member of the EMI Group. Refrigerators and spin dryers are made there, and this year the Company introduced a new twin-tub washing machine. It is estimated that this new model will generate approximately £1 million worth of extra business through the wholesale trade in the first year. The pictures on this and the opposite page follow one of the machines through all the stages of production.



Above: An operator makes the outer case of the twin-tub washing machine
Top: The seams of the machine are welded together

Right: Washing machine tops are hooked on to the conveyor belt and carried to the degreasing section
Top right: A general view of the assembly line



Above: The outer case is fitted to the washing machine
Top: The operator is seen carrying out the final press operation on the motor plate for the twin-tub machine

Above centre: The wire harness is fitted
Above: The end of the line. The supervisor inspects the wash tubs and rejects any with defects

SHARES IN THE BANK

by The Sphere City Correspondent

376 Over the last two years there is no single section of the Stock Market which has done as badly as the "Big Six" joint stock banks. Up to April, 1962 they were rated on the sort of growth level usually reserved for electronics and (at one time) the more mysterious kind of property company. The widely held notion that the Jenkins Committee would recommend that they be forced to disclose their hidden reserves added a final spice to the speculative fascination. But Jenkins failed to do its duty. And since then, the shares of Barclays, the Midland, Lloyds, Martins, Westminster and National Provincial have steadily slumped—down by an average of over 30 per cent.

This is a matter of concern to a very large number of people. Between them, the big banks have more than 400,000 shareholders, and there are plenty of widows and orphans and conservative-minded trustees who still have a great deal of their entire income and capital tied up in them.

Fortunately, however, there appear to be indications that the banks have touched bottom. And later in the summer, when the current round of rights issues (triggered off by the Westminster) is out of the way, they should be a worthwhile investment once again.

Actually, their performance recently has been a good deal better than the Stock Market record suggests. In pretty well every year (including both their worst, 1962, and their best, 1960) the banks pushed up their profits more sharply than the average industrial company, and even last year, with a 4 per cent. bank rate and an economy in the doldrums, Barclays and the Midland both managed to beat the manufacturers quite handsomely.

The trouble has been elsewhere. The banks had a period of explosive expansion after the post-war lending controls were taken off in 1957, and a lot of this was on a once-and-for-all basis, not to be repeated. Then there was the much-trumpeted move into hire purchase (giving Barclays a quarter of United Dominions Trust and similar links for all the others) which turned out to be an almost immediate debacle; and more recently, there has been the widespread criticism that bank deposits, the fundamental raw material that the banks use to earn their profits, have failed to grow nearly as fast as the national income.

This is true—they have only gone up 29 per cent. since 1951, while the national income has doubled. But the conclusion—that the banks should go out and compete aggressively with the higher interest rates offered by local authorities, HP finance houses, building societies and the like, who were getting the extra money—seems to have been slightly faulty (even though it was endorsed by such an august observer as the Governor of the Bank of England).

There were three things wrong with the analysis. First, that although the banks were indeed getting a smaller share of people's spare cash, they were making much more efficient use of the money entrusted to them. Second, that paying higher rates, though undoubtedly bringing in more deposits, would very probably lower the overall rate of profitability. Third, that the Treasury were about to change the whole thing by revising their policy on "liquidity ratios."

Traditionally, the British banks had to keep at least 30 per cent. of their funds available at a moment's notice, to meet any danger of that terrifying Victorian disaster "a run on the bank." But many authorities now feel this is unnecessarily high, and ties up far too much of the bank's resources which could usefully be out earning their keep. The Americans, in fact, allow their banks to go as low as 18 per cent. (which in Barclay's case would mean the release of no less than £240 million). We are now slowly moving this way, with a reduction to 28 per cent. already granted, and possibly 25 per cent. in prospect.

There are other indications that the banks are still in a growth period. The spate of newly opened and refurbished branches is paying off in higher profitability per branch. Computers, only now beginning to come into operation, will substantially cut costs. And even more important, the slow and much-derided progress towards attracting new wage-earner customers is in fact moving much faster than most people give the banks credit for. Big block changes—as when Fords switched all their over-£800-a-year men to payment-by-cheque last July—are becoming more frequent. And each deal brings new money and business into the banking ambit.

Rights issues—like the Westminster's recent one-for-ten at 20s—always have a depressing effect on share prices, and there is likely to be a round of them in the next few weeks. But there is no reason why new buyers should not take advantage of the situation: in fact it is one of the oldest Stock Exchange maxims to turn a quick profit on a right's drop. And I should reckon that Barclays (the most consistently successful), Westminster (with its efficient record) and the Midland (with the interesting foreign links it has recently been developing) would all be worth consideration at about 2s-3s below their present price.

Money in the Bank

	Price	Yield %
Barclays	50s 6d	3·9
Midland	68s 6d	4·3
Westminster "B"	62s 6d	4·6

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

By one of those odd coincidences which always astonish, on the very day I received news of the Massey-Ferguson plan to give all employees tests for diabetes I had been talking to a Rover Company employee who had that week undergone tests at the factory for glaucoma. This trend towards preventive medicine among industrial companies is one of the most worthwhile extensions of the paternalistic attitude of the enlightened 19th-century employer (not, I hasten to add, that I am implying that either of these two firms even remotely resembles that out-of-date animal). But the traditions set by the largely Quaker families—the Cadburys and the Frys spring to mind—are continued in many large industrial concerns today in a more modern manner.

It is good commercial sense, of course; the worker who can be saved from time off for treatment or possibly even early retirement or death is a more productive working unit. Yet I like to think also that among the enlightened firms who operate extensive health schemes for their employees (and not all are large firms; there is the well-known example of the group of medium and small factories in the Black Country who operate a joint scheme with remarkable success) there is also a strong element of genuine human relations, of concern for workpeople as individuals for whose continuing welfare the companies who employ them have no little responsibility.

The Massey-Ferguson plan has, like many of these schemes, the full co-operation of trade unions and management. Diabetes exists unrecognised in six people in every thousand, and in fact there are more sufferers than from active tuberculosis or cancer. Its cause is unknown and it has no cure, though insulin enables many sufferers to lead full lives; early detection, as with glaucoma, makes treatment much easier, and though neither may be cured completely, both can be controlled. One other point of similarity—the onset of each is so slow and gradual as to be imperceptible, which is why so many people shrug off the symptoms as being no more than passing signs, perhaps of growing old. Regular tests in this, as in so many other medical conditions, are of incalculable value in keeping workers working and giving human beings added years of active life.

New venture

Alick Dick's flair for promoting forward-thinking projects has led him into new fields (with Sir John Black, the dynamic boss of Standard Motors whom he succeeded, he played a large part in the practical realisation of Harry Ferguson's mechanised agricultural system and he was responsible for introducing the then revolutionary Triumph Herald). Though still living and farming near Kenilworth, Mr Dick has for some time been with Royston Industries, who make, among a variety of new world products, the Midas "black box" system of electronic data recording which analyses a plane's performance and can determine the factors that go wrong in air crashes.

Part of his bubbling enthusiasm is also reserved for a low-cost automation system devised by Ian Nickols, head of Nickols Automatics and an expert in electronics and pneumatics. A growing number of the Nickols devices is operating in the Midlands. The system is based on the fitting of automatic sequence controls to hand-operated capstan lathes, enabling five to be operated by one person. Particularly suitable for batch production, which covers the biggest proportion of output in this area, the system is claimed to produce output increases of at least 25 per cent.

Training scheme

Taking time by the forelock, as it were, Gent and Co., the well-known Leicester electrical engineering organisation, has introduced its own training scheme as part of its contribution towards implementing the Government's new industrial training programme. Following the recommendations based on an 18-month survey, three grades of apprentice are being introduced—technician (a new one), craft and technologist. The three "streams" will be interchangeable.

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GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

378 I had a wonderful opportunity to study the gastronomy of Portugal when I took part as one of the delegates from Britain in the congress of the International Federation of Gastronomic Writers (Federation Internationale de la Presse Gastronomique et Vinicole) which was held there recently. I came back with some indelible impressions of the beauty, charm and friendly hospitality of this country of sun and blue skies, but I have also learnt a great deal. As with all learning, the door to acquiring fascinating knowledge opened for me when I realised how little is known by the average person (myself included) of the rich storehouse of wine and food that Portugal has.

We all know of course that one of the world's noblest, truly unique wines comes from Oporto, we know of the sardines, the olive oil, the sugared fruits of Elvas, and associate the cooking with tomatoes, misled by the fallacious adjective of international cuisine " à la Portugaise." Apart from port we also know, through its importers' extensive efforts in advertising, the sweetish, frisky pink wine in its unusual, attractive bottle and its white brothers. We know these, whether we like them and their price or not. Some of us may have heard of other, more straightforward table wines and the names of Dao, Colares, Bucelas might ring a little bell. On the whole one rather tends to dismiss these as being rather cheap and ordinary.

Now the whole conception is changed for me. My Portuguese colleague, who was responsible for the organisation of the one week's programme, has been able to gain the co-operation and support of the various producing organisations, official and commercial, and thus we were shown as much as could possibly be crammed into such a short time. In between excellent lunches, dinners and wine-tastings we managed to travel far and wide; based on Lisbon, we were flown to Oporto, and spent a day travelling back by road, stopping on the way to look at Coimbra, Batalha and Obidos. Another day we crossed the mighty Tagus to go to lunch at Sesimbra's newest luxury hotel looking at Arrabida and Setubal on the way back. We saw Sintra, Cascais and spent an evening at Estoril's Casino, drove for the day to historic Evora and celebrated with a magnificent banquet in the Castelo St. Jorge, towering above the lovely city of Lisbon and her majestic river.

Not only did I find every meal, without exception, of excellent quality, well cooked and presented but, as time went on, I became more and more filled with admiration for the way in which the Portuguese have preserved traditional and regional ways of preparing food. The Sopa de Caldeirada is a fish soup with tremendous character of its own, and Caldeirada, which sometimes follows as a second course, makes an even more acceptable fish course. The Portuguese are not frightened to ring the changes and produce interesting combinations of meat and fish in one course. I found the fish with a meat stuffing Tranchas de Garoupa na Grelha an excellent combination and the traditional Carne de Porco

A view from the Monte Crasto Estate, where the wine cellars are, over the rooftops at Anadia, in Portugal

Alentejana, pieces of pork with small clams, tasted novel and delicious to me. A gastronomic joke was played on us by the chef of the Hotel do Mar, Sesimbra, in the form of Bifes Estufados Surpresa (Beef Steak Surprise). What was put before us as the main course looked most deceptively like grilled entrecote steaks, they tasted delicious, but only one of 40 or so " experts " made the correct guess and identified the mystery as slices of swordfish. We looked askance at our menus when we were entertained in the old kitchen (now a fine restaurant) of the ancient royal palace at Queluz by the Automovel Clube de Portugal. Visions of frozen meat flashed through our minds when the main course was described as Bifes na Frigideira de Barro. It was nothing of the kind. " Frigideira " is the name of the earthenware dish in which each piece of steak was cooked with its vegetables.

Tripas a moda do Porto was another revelation. Who would have guessed that tripe is one of the greatest specialities of Oporto? This dish was delectable, the best I have ever tasted, putting all " tripes and onions " and " Tripes à la mode de Caen " into the shade. The variety of the many fine fish and shellfish is matched by the variety of meats. In the deep cellars of the Monte Crasto estate at Anadia a very old local dish, kid cooked in red wine was followed by roast sucking pigs, which were triumphantly brought to the table on long spears supported by two men each.

The scene of this meal brings me to the subject of table wines, but before discussing these I must just briefly state that rather unexpectedly Portugal has a variety of excellent cheeses, made of cow's and ewe's milk, and that the desserts, especially for those with a sweet tooth are superb, being based on much sugar and egg yolk. Fruits are served a great deal, oranges ready peeled on one's plate, fresh pineapples and bananas which have not been ripened in a ship's hold.

The cellars where the roast sucking pigs were served are in the Bairrada wine-growing region, between the Dao and the Atlantic coast. It is not one of the most important regions but, amazingly, every region of Portugal, nearly without exception, makes good drinkable wines. Here are made the best Portuguese sparkling wines by the méthode Champenoise. While they do not pretend to be Champagne, they are fresh and full of fruity flavour. We were given some idea of the enormous range of table wines produced in the various parts of Portugal at a tasting presented by the Junta Nacional do Vinho in conjunction with a superbly sumptuous cold lunch at the Hotel de Guincho, lonely on its cliff looking at Europe's westernmost cape bathed in the Atlantic spray. Here in the armoury of the ancient fort, which had been converted into this luxurious hotel with a distinctly Arab flavour, were spread out all the imaginable cold dishes surrounded by tables groaning under hundreds of bottles.

It was a revelation to find how well founded some of the red wines of the Dao, of the Douro (those which are not made into Port) and the other regions can be, for only this enables them to become as great as I have found them after many years of ageing. They are not comparable to clarets or Burgundies, they are in a category of their own, but they reach greatness and nobility after many years in bottle, as bear witness the Evel Garrafeira 1939 and the Colares " M.J.C." 1940, which I tasted among others. Colares incidentally is grown on the sand-dunes west of Lisbon, unaffected by Phylloxera because of the sand, where with tremendous toil the roots have to be planted in the firmer soil deep below.

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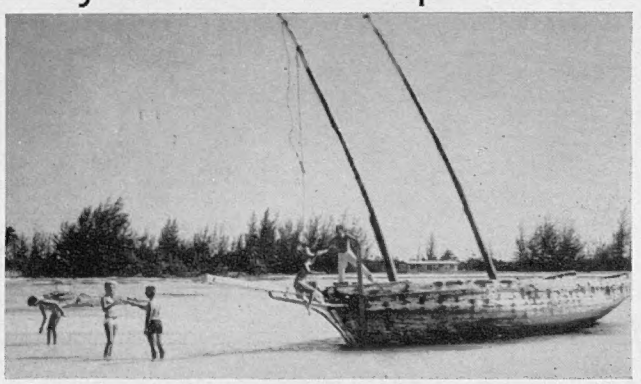

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*(Room and breakfast)

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HEADLINES FROM FORDS

380 Those headline-snatching Fords, the Cortina and the Corsair, have been at it again. A standard GT Corsair from Ford's Halewood plant has captured 13 world records for the 1,100-1,500 c.c. class. And the cheaper Cortina, on which the Corsair is based mechanically, has been named " International Car of the Year " by an influential Swiss year book: *Auto-Universum*. The records were set up at Monza in Italy in a four-day programme by a team of six amateur drivers: Tony and Michael Brookes (twins from Sutton, Surrey), Ben Porter (Ilford), Michael Bowler (Rickmansworth), John Clarke (Bolton) and Arthur Taylor (Edgbaston).

Lapping at 104 m.p.h. most of the time, they captured all the records for their class up to 10,000 miles and pushed ten of them above the 100 m.p.h. mark. The car's only modification was the fitting of a 28-gallon petrol tank. The Cortina got its *Auto-Universum* award " for outstanding performance, reliability and versatility in competition around the world." Since it first appeared in the autumn of 1962 more than 400,000 of this best-selling family saloon have been built. Its Swiss accolade was based on its success in road and ice races, hill-climbs, slaloms, economy runs, rallies and endurance trials in 23 countries.

Countryside preservation

All who are anxious—including motorists—to preserve the beauty of the British countryside will applaud the fight that is being put up by the Berkshire Downs Villages Association, with the support of the Downs Preservation Society, to make sure the M4 motorway (London to South Wales) is built to the south of both Reading and Newbury instead of over the lovely Berkshire Downs.

They have just published a useful booklet fairly setting out all the arguments but with a powerful report from Mr G. A. Jellicoe, a member of the Royal Fine Art Commission, who says that even the revised northern route (which would take the motorway along the southern slopes of the Downs instead of over the top) would do " monstrous damage." Mr Jellicoe thinks a motorway along the northern route would infest the Downs " with all the urban diseases of which motorways are both heirs and carriers " and he makes this plea: " Let us keep the largest unspoiled area of central southern England clear of that disintegration of nature upon which we seem everywhere to be so inevitably bent."

The Villages Association's booklet points out that although the southern route they favour is six or seven miles longer than the more northerly one the extra cost need not be as great as it might appear, if only because the northerly route entails the construction of two major bridges over the Thames.

Camping equipment for hire

From this week until the end of September it is possible to hire from the Townsend Bros. Ferries all the major items of camping equipment needed for a family holiday on the Continent. French-built tents are available for 15s a day (with two inner tents for two and three people respectively) or 10s a day (with one inner tent sleeping three).

The Ford *Corsair*, based on the *Cortina*, shows its paces

Daily charges for other equipment include one shilling for camp beds, chairs and tables. Sleeping bags cost 2s a day. You pay a deposit of £10 when booking and you collect the equipment at Calais. There is a discount of 20 per cent. if the hirer travels both ways on late-night or early-morning services of Townsend Bros.' *Free Enterprise*: the services, incidentally, on which there are reduced fares for caravans.

Motorists discouraged from camping by the fuss of putting up tents may be interested in the Trek Trailer Tent announced by Bond Cars Ltd., of Preston, Lancs, for £118. It has room for four adults and can be erected in under two minutes. The complete unit, including plastic, independently sprung trailer, weighs only 3 cwt.

Whenever I have gone camping or caravanning it has been in search of peace and quiet; so I am not particularly keen to join the kind of caravan rally held at Whitsun by the Caravan Club at Burghley Park, near Stamford. More than 2,200 caravans turned up. This was a world record. According to all reports, I hear the rally was a great success.

BMC improved versions

Without altering their outside appearance very much, the British Motor Corporation have produced new, improved versions of their 3-litre saloons: the 100 m.p.h. Austin A110 Westminster and the Wolseley 6/110. Styling is unchanged and the 2,912 c.c. 6-cylinder engines continue as before. But both cars have new suspension systems, smaller wheels (13 ins. diameter instead of 14), a quieter exhaust system (with three separate silencers), a new four-speed gearbox (with synchromesh surprisingly absent on the bottom ratio) and revised trim.

Borg-Warner overdrive and automatic transmission are optionally available. Both *marques* are easier to look after now that six greasing points have been eliminated from the steering system. Both the front disc brakes and the drum brakes at the rear are self-adjusting. Reduction of road wheel size has lowered the car by five-eighths of an inch. The new Westminster costs £997 including tax (a reduction of £55 on the superseded model, which had overdrive as standard on a three-speed box); and there is a de luxe version for £1,172 with leather upholstery, fully reclining front seats and folding picnic tables. The new Wolseley 6/110 costs £1,179: an increase of £66. It has a fine new walnut facia fitted with instruments of notably high accuracy. The switches have been regrouped to make them easier to find.

Briefly . . .

Mr George Farmer, chairman of Rover Cars, who was recently the guest of honour at a Birmingham dinner organised by the Guild of Motoring Writers in recognition of his distinguished presidency of the Society of Motor Manufacturers has been succeeded in that office by Mr William Swallow, popular and genial chairman and managing director of Vauxhall Motors . . .

New books received for review: A new 4s 6d edition of " Fun on Wheels " published by Muller in collaboration with the AA and containing much useful advice on how to keep children happy on car trips; a history of Alfa Romeo by Peter Hull (Cassell, 50s); the latest edition of the well-planned Europa Touring Guide (distributed in the UK by George Philip and Son at 38s 6d); and a Michelin guide to West Germany and West Berlin (Dickens Press, 20s) . . .

There is an exciting international entry for the *Motor's* six-hours saloon car race at Brands Hatch, Kent, this Saturday . . .

The UK price of two popular foreign cars has just been reduced: that of the three-speed Saab 96 saloon by £27 to £699; and of the Fiat 600D saloon by £24 to £469 . . .

Opening later this month at the Woodstock Roundabout, two miles north of Oxford city centre: a new Motor Lodge with 60 bedrooms, a 128-place grill room, a 118-seat snack bar and park for 200 cars. This is a Forte enterprise which, imaginatively, will have special menus for children and makes no charge for children under 12 occupying the same room as their parents. . . .

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

There are two snags about visiting Skye—(i) the ferries and (ii) the weather. As regards the former, the Strome, Kyleakin and Glenelg ferries are not operated on Sundays, so one must plan accordingly. There is nothing one can do about the weather but cross your fingers that you may be able to see the Coulin Hills in all their majesty. Hotels that are personally known to us are the *Sligachan* 27 miles from Kyle and well poised for views of the Coolins; *Skeabost House Hotel* five miles from Portree and a comfortable country house hotel with the environment of a home. Our third choice is the *Edinbane Hotel,* smaller both in size and price, but with the surety of sound home cooking and cosy peat fires if needs be. There are others we hope to sample on our visit this year, but of these perhaps more anon.

Regarding the mainland, we hope to take the wild and picturesque route from Kyle of Lochalsh to the *Glenmoriston Hotel* at Invermoriston. What a welcoming hotel this is to all tourists. The decor is delightful, the menus always imaginative and there is that personal touch which has such an important bearing on making newcomers feel at home.

The majority of motorists travelling up or down this Caledonian route do not realise that on the opposite bank is a road connecting Inverness and Fort Augustus. Thirteen miles from the latter is the 12-bedroomed *Foyers Hotel* which overlooks the Loch and yet is free from the noise of traffic which runs along the opposite shore.

From this captivating area we must head south-west for the ferry across to the *Ballahulish Hotel,* an excellent stopping off place and with a wonderful vantage point overlooking Lochs Leven and Linnhe. Here once again one can be in a quandary as to which road southward to take, one of which is the coastal road to Oban, calling in en route at Port Appin—the attractive *Airds Hotel*—and then crossing the Connel road and rail bridge to the *Falls of Lora Hotel* and so on to Oban to the *Alexandra* or the smaller *Rannachan* hotels.

The alternative and wider road is up the Pass of Glencoe via Glencoe, *The King's House Inn* to Dalmally and so westwards to Oban or south-bound to Inveraray.

Three admirable bases for a complete Scottish holiday hereabouts are either *Ardbrecknish House Hotel* or *Portsonachan Hotel* on the south bank of Loch Awe, or the *Taychreggan Hotel, Kilchrennan* on the north bank.

One day trip which will open up prospects for a further holiday in Scotland should be Dalmally, Crianlarich, Killin and then make a complete circuit of Loch Tay halting awhile for lunch at Aberfeldy, *The Palace* or *Dun Aluinn Hotel.* But to continue the main outlines of our tour. Pinpoint the following place names on your touring map of Scotland. Recommended hotels are placed in brackets. Invergarry (*Invergarry Hotel*), Arrochar (*Ardmay House Hotel*); Balloch (*Lomond Castle Hotel*); or take a short diversion to Drymen (*Buchanan Arms*); Dumbarton and by-passing Glasgow by taking the Erskine Ferry make for Gourock (*Tontine Hotel*) and follow the Clyde down to Skelmorlie (*Manor Park Hotel*) where either here or at its companion hotel, Hunters Quay (*Marine Hotel*).

The Clyde coast can be followed with advantage down south where the magnet word is *Turnberry,* one of Scotland's finest hotels. Even if you cannot stay there you should certainly visit it for a meal, for here is a self-contained centre of opulence. Golf links, indoor heated swimming pool, ballroom, suites and superb food and service.

In pleasant reflective mood, we continue south to Girvan and then take the A714 across to Newton Stewart in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Two good bases for a night's stop or for a complete holiday in this comparatively unknown sector of Scotland are the *Murray Arms,* in the model village of Gatehouse-of-Fleet, or the *Selkirk Arms* in the small town of Kirkcudbright. Mountains, seaboard, lochs, fishing, shooting are all within easy compass.

Nothing now remains but to wend one's way reluctantly over the border to England. Much, for obvious reasons, has been omitted. There are hotels, for example, such as *Stonefield Castle* at Tarbert which was off our line of route for this year. In our three weeks we shall have covered over 2,000 miles and from our previous knowledge and information we do not expect to strike one dud hotel. Nor need you, if you follow in our footsteps.

* * *

A postscript written at *Dornoch Castle Hotel* 25/4/64. We have now reached the halfway stage of our Scottish journey. Here are some outstanding impressions: Bonchester Bridge, *Wolfelee Hotel,* where we spent our first night on Scottish soil. It will be, for a long time, a pleasant memory of peace, perfect cooking and pleasant hosts. An important travel direction is to keep left on crossing over Carter Bar as if for Hawick. Edinburgh, *Scotia Hotel* where we spent our second night. In Great King Street, there are no car parking problems. The hotel is comfortable, food good and owners and staff very much on their toes. Carnoustie, *Bruce Hotel.* Another winner: dinner and breakfast well above the average. Manager and staff most attentive.

Kildrummy Castle Hotel, about 24 miles north of Ballater on the road to Huntly. Quiet and with a water/rock garden which is a veritable fairyland. *Pitlochry Hydro Hotel,* a transformation has taken place here and we could not have chosen a more comfortable hotel for our fifth night. It is now well in keeping with other members of the Scottish Highlands Hotels group. Garve—*Strathgarve Lodge Hotel.* Wonderful views, food and such personal service; would that we could have spent a week there. And now in our fourth floor tower room at *Dornoch Castle,* after an excellent dinner and comfortable night's sleep we can uncross our fingers for the sky is cloudless and we are off to Skye.

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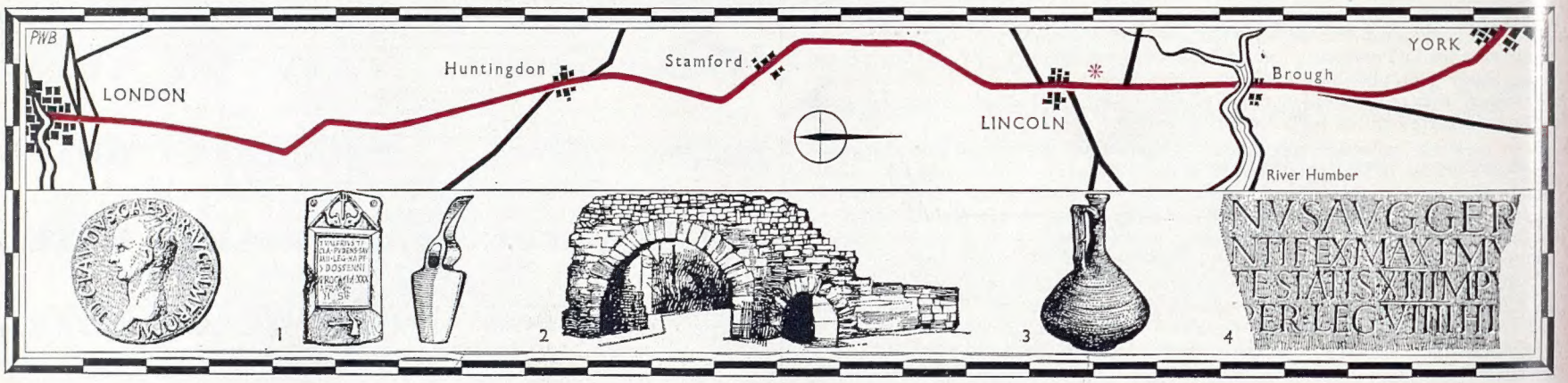

This long, straight section of the modern A 15, between Lincoln and the Humber, is carried directly on the back of the ancient Ermine Street, which was probably one of the first important roads made by the Roman engineers after Britain was conquered.

Ermine Street begins—or began—at the London end at Bishopsgate, and, via Shoreditch High Street and Kingsland Road, was driven north to give the quickest access to Lincoln, then to York. By A.D. 48, Lincoln was the fortress and headquarters of the 5,000 or 6,000 men of the Ninth Legion [soldier's tomb with pioneer's mattock (1)], who probably built the road from London. Then the Legion was moved north to a new fortress at York (established A.D. 71 to 74), which became the northern military capital of Britain [fragment of building inscription, recording building of the stone gateway by the Legion (4); pot from Roman burial (3)]. Roman roads were laid on a raised platform, an '*agger*,' piled up mainly from the ditch which was left on either side. On this famous stretch of Roman road beyond Lincoln, the *agger* is still more or less intact after some nineteen hundred years, several feet high, and between forty and fifty feet wide. Even now Ermine Street leaves Lincoln (which, as a town, after its fortress days, was settled by the old soldiers of the Ninth Legion) by the Newport Arch (2), remnant of a gateway the Romans actually built. The road goes straight for the Humber (the modern road turns off for Brigg and Hull), which the legionaries crossed by a ferry at the bend above Reads Island.

London and the Thames were 160 miles behind them, and they still had another 29 miles of footslogging up to York.

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